

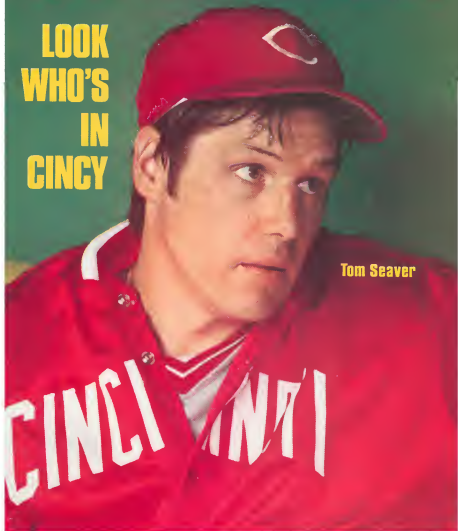
HUBIE GREEN GRABS THE OPEN

# Sports Illustrated

JUNE 27, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

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Tom Seaver



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That's why... 8 hours a day, 5 days a week... someone... somewhere is feeling camshafts for Ford, Mercury or Lincoln engines.

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Any engine that really wants to be a Ford Motor Company engine has to pass The Hot Test... an' that's ten tough tests!

#1... Oil Pressure, #2... Manifold Vacuum Level, #3... Ignition Timing, #4... Engine Noise, #5... Coolant Leaks, #6... Fuel Leaks, #7... Oil Leaks, #8... Idling Smoothness, #9... Overall Engine Performance, #10... Exhaust Leaks.

Every engine Ford Motor Company builds has to pass every one of these 10 final tests.

If it don't... it don't get to go into a Ford Motor Company car.

This Red Hot Test is no picnic. It's the

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Exhaust pipes get red hot... hot enough to toast a marshmallow. After one-hundred-red-hot-hours, engines get torn down and checked out... for wear and tear.

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Tough testing makes for tough engines so at Ford Motor Company we do a lot of it.



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She had a way of making you feel special. And today, though you're older, she still treats you the same way.

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Kenny Moore, author of this week's story on the incomparable Finnish runner Lasse Viren (page 66), is, of course, a world-class distance man himself. In 1971 he contributed his first piece to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, an essay on cross-country running. Since then we have published close to 50 of his articles, many dealing, naturally, with runners. Moore, 33, can scarcely be said to interview his subjects. He converses with them, he runs with them, he races against them. Last December, for example, he finished in a tie for fourth in a Honolulu marathon while doing a story on Duncan MacDonald, who won.

Moore's running was also the key to unlocking Viren, who is not notably gregarious. "I first went to Myrskylä, the little town where Viren lives," says Moore, "but Viren had a cold and was not doing much but taking care of the house. I didn't really get a feeling about him. But then while I was back in Helsinki he asked me to return to Myrskylä for a run and a sauna."

During their 14-kilometer run, Moore found they were about equally fit. "He seemed to breathe about as hard as I, and we slipped on the slush and ice in the same fashion," Moore says. For a

while, they ran in silence. "I don't feel it's necessary to chatter all the time," says Moore, "and I knew he didn't feel like it, either. When he started to bloom and talked about the countryside, it was fascinating. I could live there, I think."

Moore shares Viren's aversion to cities, but as a writer he is often forced to spend time in them. In Kingston, Jamaica, where he covered the International Track and Field Games last month, he trained with half-miler Mike Bost on the track and, despite 90° heat, ran in the surrounding hills. In Los Angeles for the AAU track and field championships, he ran around the UCLA campus and joined his subjects in their warm-ups. He had been invited to compete in the 10,000, but it was the last race of the meet and he had to write his story immediately afterward. To get in shape for that, he did 20 330-yard sprints the day before. "It made my hamstrings so sore," he says, "that there was no temptation to compete."

"When I'm on an assignment," Moore says, "I go slow on the running and concentrate on the writing. I'll go for an easy jog and let things settle in my mind; I put them in perspective, so I won't get panicky when I sit at the typewriter. When I get home to Eugene I train really hard. I don't write much at home anymore. It's just the place where I train and do gardening. I jump back and forth between two different worlds."

Moore, who competed in the 1968 and 1972 Olympics, was unable to try out for the Montreal Games because of a bout with pneumonia, but last November he was fit enough to win a marathon in Washington, D.C., and in February he came in second in a 10,000-meter road race in St. Louis. Now he is training for another 10,000-meter road race on July 4 in Atlanta, which Viren has also promised to enter. "If we are still both in the same shape we were in in April," says Moore, "we'll have a real kick race for 10th place."



KENNY MOORE. READY TO WRITE OR RUN

*Sack Meyer*

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# VIEWPOINT

by H. R. COURSEN

AS A FANTASY "ROCKY" IS FINE, BUT THE BIG FIGHT IS STRICTLY HOLLYWOOD

Some may not recognize how inauthentic the boxing in the Academy Award film *Rocky* is, but this should be pointed out, because it bears on the film's "meaning." Sylvester Stallone's Rocky styles himself after Rocky Marciano, a short-armed hooker who threw punches from every point of the compass. Marciano knocked out Joe Louis with a straight right hand, and he knocked out Joe Walcott in their first fight with one of the hardest right hands in heavyweight history. It ranked with the right with which Louis hit Jim Braddock and the short right with which Ali decked Sonny Liston in Lewiston. Although Referee Joe Walcott and a lot of other people didn't see it, the latter was no "phantom punch." It sent Liston tumbling to the canvas in a heap.

But while Rocky Balboa, using upper-cut body punches, might be able to smack standing beef, as he did in the movie, he could not

hit most good heavyweights, unless they leaned in, elbows slambo, like the Apollo Creed of the film. One of the few good fighters is awkward as Balboa was Rocky Graziano. But Graziano could hit to the head with a left hook and an overhand right, punches not in Balboa's repertoire.

Auditors will argue that it sounds as well as looks as though people are really getting belted in *Rocky*, but despite the seeming authenticity of the blows, no heavyweight champion is going to get hit by the sucker punch Rocky lands early in the fight. You might land a punch like that in a Jersey bar—Galeone's or Chuck Wepner's—but not in a fight for the big prize. Nor is a smart fighter going to lean into the only punch his opponent can throw. Nor is a referee going to tolerate such a blood-bath. Nor will a corner inbathed by Burgess Meredith permit it.

Hollywood seldom does well with fights. In *Champion*, supposedly, some closeups were filmed by having the actors push their gloves into their opponents' faces, then yank them away. Reversing the film made the blows seem real. But Kirk Douglas, a good athlete, did not move or hit like a fighter. The ending—Kirk on one knee listening to an announcer scream "He's finished!" then getting up to knock his man out, then dying—was

hokey as the devil. True, the director of *Somebody Up There Likes Me* studied the Zale-Graziano films and left his film Tony dangling like a ragdoll over the ropes, just as Graziano left him at the end of the second fight. But in *The Harder They Fall*, Budd Schulberg's Argentine version of Primo Carnera didn't look at all like a fighter. Neither, for that matter, did the real Primo, as Max Baer demonstrated.

*Rocky* provides psychic compensation for America. Rocky gets his shot through an improbable sequence of events dictated by the megalomaniacs of a mini-Ali. Ali does fight some silly fights these days, but Jimmy Young is skillful as was Jimmy Braddock—remember, he outbatted an overconfident Baer and almost knocked out Louis. Rocky gets his payday—nowadays losers win—and his girl is transformed from a nearsighted mope to a pretty butterfly and gets her handsome Italian stallion. (Note Rocky Balboa's classic profile. After 70 pro fights?)

The film is fantasy, and as such probably does no harm. The best moment, for me at least, is Creed's entrance as George Washington crossing the Delaware to the Spectrum Intentional Fantasy, and very funny. Was it a comment on the film and the way we are to take it? If so, the commentary is valid. **END**

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# It had to outperform a legend before it could be called Sears best steel-belted radial.

Sears original steel-belted radial tire proved its toughness and excellence by racking class wins in the famous Baja event.

It was the beginning of a legend...and a challenge to develop an even better tire. A tire that was better than the tire that beat the Baja. To outperform



its famous predecessor, the original Sears steel-belted radial, they couldn't make a tougher tire, so they made it better. Better in the areas of handling, braking and ride.



In the vitally important area of wet cornering, Sears RoadHandler demonstrated its superiority under controlled laboratory conditions. RoadHandler's bigger "footprint" allowed more



Sears Steel-Belted Radial. The tire that beat the Baja, Sears original.



Sears RoadHandler, 13% wider tread, 10% deeper tread (at center). Extra tread row.



water to travel along the grooves instead of between the tire surface and the wet road. This helps prevent hydroplaning (skidding on a thin film of water). In fact, laboratory tests demonstrated Sears RoadHandler to be superior in just about every area of traction.

To demonstrate the performance of this newer tire, Sears put the RoadHandler through the mill.

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Next, the same tires tackled the Pony Express route of a century ago.



Two thousand miles, from Missouri to California. More than half of it over rugged, trackless country.

After 42,000 miles without any tire failure, Sears RoadHandlers faced the most critical test of all. Federal Motor Vehicle Safety Standard 109. A test for new tires.



These Sears RoadHandlers not only passed, they exceeded every government requirement for strength, heat resistance and bead unseating (keeping the tire on the rim in hard turns.)

Add it all up...and it's hardly surprising that Sears RoadHandler is Sears best steel-belted radial.



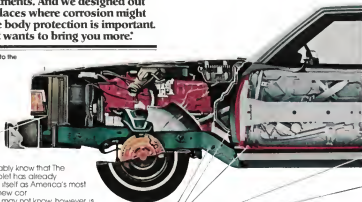
**"STRAIGHT TALK, GOOD VALUES AND SATISFACTION!"**

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# The Body of of The New

**We made more extensive use of corrosion-resisting treatments. And we designed out many of the places where corrosion might start. Because body protection is important. And Chevrolet wants to bring you more.\***

\*All comparisons relate to the 1976 full-size Chevrolet.



You probably know that The New Chevrolet has already established itself as America's most successful new car.

What you may not know, however, is the story underneath its success. The story of its body protection.

It's a story that could prove to be very important in the months and years to come.

And it began with the basic design of The New Chevrolet, with many of the nooks and crannies where corrosion-causing moisture could collect being eliminated right on the drawing board.

But that was only the beginning of The New Chevrolet's anti-corrosion plan.

A thicker oil-base coating was added to the frame (A vulnerable area where road dirt and moisture attack.)

There's more zinc-rich primer applied to the dash panel and the inside lower panels of the doors.

The rear wheel housings were made from galvanized steel. And then, for good measure, the whole floor of the trunk was made from the same corrosion-resistant material.

But we didn't stop there.

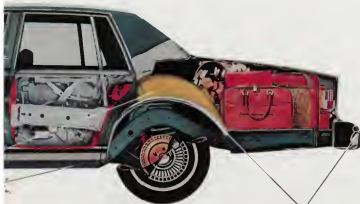
The "tuck-under" of the body sills was also reduced to help prevent stone chipping.



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The Caprice Classic Sedan



Aluminum and bimetal moldings were used wherever practical. Special sealers and fasteners were used at strategic points.

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All in all, The New Chevrolet was given even more corrosion protection than last year's full-size Chevrolet. Which has to be encouraging to know. Not only now. But for the future.

- MORE INNOVATIONS
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If you've already tried More, you know it's like any really good cigarette. Only more.

More is longer. And it burns slower. So, you get more time to enjoy those extra puffs of smooth, mild taste.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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# SCORECARD

Edited by RON REID

## CHANGE FOR THE BETTER

Last week, in a decision that should cut down on injuries, NFL team owners elected to outlaw the dangerous crackback block. The rule change now makes it illegal for a wide receiver or back to move to the outside, reverse direction, fire back toward the ball and crack back below the waist.

The crackback has been illegal since 1974 for wide receivers lined up as pass catchers, but until this year, running backs were allowed to use it—often grievously injuring defensive linemen.

The crackback is much the same as the trap block, the important difference being that the blocker is moving at full speed when he makes contact with the penetrating lineman, who usually is blind-sided so that the risk of a knee injury is high. In 1973 in Washington, to cite but one example, a crackback block by a Redskins' running back wrecked the knee of the Cardinals' Ron Davis, 22, an injury that ended his career.

The owners also agreed to make the game a more clearheaded proposition for offensive linemen by banning the head slap from the repertoire of pass rushers. Applied by such past masters as Deacon Jones, the head slap gave offensive linemen a headache in every sense of the word.

It now remains for the NFL to find a way of effectively protecting quarterbacks, 34 of whom were injured during the 1976 season.

## DYNAMIC DUO

Tom and Tim Gullikson, 25-year-old identical twins from Onalaska, Wis., were ranked 39th and 45th last year by the U.S. Tennis Association. They are identical save for one thing. Tim is right-handed, Tom is a lefty—a fact that was a relief to Karl Meiler of West Germany.

Not long ago on the WCT tour, Meiler lost to right-handed Tim and two weeks later bowed to left-handed Tom. At the time he did not know there were two Gulliksons.

"When the second one beat me in straight sets," Meiler said, "I was very depressed that there was a player who could beat me using either hand."

## A PLUS FOR COLLEGES ...

Thanks to the bounty reaped from television, NCAA championship events should be more competitive through the next four years, the duration of the \$118-million contract the NCAA signed with ABC last week for college football telecast rights.

The new television package represents an average annual increase of 63.9% over the previous agreement with ABC, and with the added revenue the NCAA for the first time will pay all travel expenses for every athlete who qualifies for one of its 39 championship events in 18 different sports. In the past, since the individual schools often had to pay their athletes' way, many schools were reluctant to assume travel costs, especially if the athlete was a longshot in a sport such as track or swimming.

## ... AND A MINUS?

Now that collegiate sports programs will benefit from revenues from football broadcasting, the Internal Revenue Service is threatening to cash in on—and perhaps bollix—the deal.

Next week in Washington, the IRS will review a ruling made in its Dallas regional office that college athletic income derived from radio and television is no longer tax-exempt. The basis for the decision was the 1969 tax reform act, which stipulated that income derived from "unrelated" businesses owned by non-profit organizations—for example, a grocery owned by a church—would be taxed as of 1976. If the Dallas decision stands, it might well be catastrophic for college sport. The IRS has indicated that the tax could amount to 48% of the broadcast income. Depending on retroactive obligations, this means that Penn State, for example, might have to fork over \$2.5 million.

"This ruling is a good way to wreck the colleges," says Frank Windeger, the TCU athletic director. "They say broadcast revenue is unrelated income. If it's not income related to athletics then I don't know what it is."

"If this thing passes," says Jackie Sherrill, the new football coach at Pittsburgh, "the small bowl games will be eliminated because it won't pay the small schools to participate. They would probably lose money."

The NCAA already has indicated that it will go to Congress or to the courts to seek relief from the ruling, if it is upheld, which is unlikely.

## PLAYING THE NUMBERS

Paul Campbell, the traveling secretary of the Cincinnati Reds, has spent almost 44 years in baseball as a player, scout and club executive. Among the many delights of his long career, which ends after this season, Campbell particularly savors the day he got Angel Bravo's number.

Bravo was a journeyman player who left Cincinnati in 1971, apparently to play in Mexico. The Reds, however, were unable to locate him, which was a bit frustrating because only Bravo knew the combination to the lock on his club-owned suitcase.

Campbell kept the suitcase in his office, where, in sporadic moments in the off-season, he idly and vainly attempted to open it by trying combinations at random. Had he realized that any three-digit lock, like Bravo's, has only 1,000 possible combinations, he might have tried to open it in a more systematic fashion. Finally, on a day when eight people were in his office, someone suggested to Campbell that he try Bravo's highest batting average. Some quick research revealed it was .342 for Tucson in the Pacific Coast League in 1969.

Sure enough, the lock opened readily, but with mixed results. Campbell discovered nothing. Bravo's suitcase was empty.

## HELP WANTED—SITTER

One of the summer's new features at Atlantic City's famous Steel Pier is a Guinness hall of records. To help get the word around, boardwalk officials are looking for a flagpole sister to duplicate, if not beat, the record set in 1931 by Alvin (Shipwreck) Kelly, who roosted atop a flagpole above the pier for 49 days and one hour. "We will supply the sitter with

continued

food, encouragement and prayers," says PR director Peter Fox, who has had a few applicants for the job but isn't certain any of them has the necessary stamina. The prayers may be essential. Kelly sat through 10 storms, in many of which lightning played about his head.

#### LANGUAGE BARRIER

Shortly after Walter Alston retired from the National League to his Darrtown, Ohio farm, he installed a citizens-band radio in his automobile. His chosen handle was "Smokey," the nickname hung on him by his father when Alston was an Ohio schoolboy pitcher.

But on CB, Alston's nickname means the police or highway patrol, and you can guess the reaction. "Nobody would talk to me," Alston says. "So now my handle is 'Double Dozen.'"

Alston wore number 24 for almost a quarter of a century as manager of the Dodgers, who retired the number this month on their Old-Timers Day.

#### THE SUMMER GAME

Paul Westhead, the LaSalle College basketball coach, has spent the last six summers coaching in Puerto Rico, where he has found that the fans take the game very serious.

"Their involvement is just incredible," says Westhead, who is coaching the Caguas team in the Superior League this year. "I've had beer thrown in my face after a loss. Jack McKinney [assistant coach of the Portland Trail Blazers] was almost shot at by a fan, and one time the mayor of a city was so enraged at the officiating that he slugged a referee. The fans gave him a standing ovation."

"Another time," Westhead recalls, "we were playing the Isabela team on their home court and our team had trouble shooting free throws, because when one of our players stepped to the line, every light in the building except the exit signs would go out. They stayed on for the Isabela players."

#### CRITIC'S CHOICE

In contrast to the New York Mets' M. Donald Grant, who seems loath to abide anyone critical of management (page 27), consider Al Davis, owner of the Oakland Raiders.

Davis recently recalled the first time he had engaged in a lengthy conversation with Ollie Spencer, the Raiders' longtime offensive line coach.

"It was 1962," Davis said. "I was a coach with San Diego at the time and Ollie was with Oakland. He called me one day to complain about some films we were supposed to have sent. He said they hadn't arrived and accused me of withholding them deliberately. That offended me: I told him where he could put his film canister. He said something uncomplimentary in return and we proceeded to have this violent argument. Finally, one of us—I don't remember which—hung up, and that was that."

Several months later, Davis was hired as head coach and general manager of the Raiders. As is customary for incoming coaches, Davis fired the incumbent assistants but allowed them to be interviewed for their former jobs. Spencer arranged for an audience with Davis but assumed, in light of their argument, that he would not be part of the new staff.

"Spencer came into my office and said that even though he wouldn't be with the Raiders, he'd like to wish us luck anyway," Davis said. "Then he turned to leave. I told him to wait a minute, that I wanted to hire him."

"I'd been watching him for a long time. I knew he was a good coach, but more than that, I liked his attitude. From the way he cursed me out that day, I knew he was my kind of guy."

#### CALL THE LAW

A sensational catch was the principal clue in "The Sham Sheriff Softball Caper" and it allowed the Austin (Texas) Police Department to bring some unlikely suspects to justice.

Scene of the crime was Bartholomew East Field during a game played between the Austin Police Department and the Travis County Sheriff's Department, both members of a statewide tournament that was supposedly limited to law-enforcement officers.

But when the sheriff's third baseman made a diving catch, then turned two somersaults and came up holding the ball, Steve Forman of the Austin PD detected some skulduggery. Sure enough, the sheriff's squad included three ringers off the University of Texas baseball team, including slick-fielding Third Baseman Rocky Thompson.

"It's the kind of deal where they thought they would be smart and run them through," Forman said. "But when I recognized Thompson, I protested to the plate umpire at the end of the

game and demanded that they all put their badges and credentials on the ground for inspection."

The three Longhorns were declared ineligible and, as a result, the sheriff's team was left with only eight players and had to drop out of the tournament.

The guilty Travis County sheriff is Raymond Frank, who campaigned for reelection last November as "The Sheriff That Shoots Straight." He claimed that he deputized the three Longhorns two days before the game. Even so, the Austin PD won, 7-4.

#### GOOD LOOKING

The baseball player who breaks up a game or starts a hitting streak with a borrowed bat is not uncommon, but a new twist has been added by Larry LeNor, a reserve for Salesianum School of Wilmington, Del.

LeNor was the unexpected star of a game against St. Mark's High School when he came to bat with the bases loaded and hit a grand-slam homer.

After the game, he thanked teammate Bob Kapa—not for the use of his bat, but for lending him his eyeglasses.

Kapa, the regular centerfielder, had been breaking in a new set of contact lenses and, through no fault of his vision, had knocked himself out by running into a fence as he chased a line drive. LeNor went in as his substitute and, having forgotten his own glasses, borrowed Kapa's backup pair.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Andre Harvey, golf pro, asked why he has had only one hole in one in his career while Art Wall has had 41: "The only thing it means, really, is that Art Wall is 40 times better than me."

• Ron Turcotte, Secretariat's jockey, after finishing last by 62 lengths on Make Amends in Seattle Slew's Belmont win: "I needed another piece of equipment. I needed binoculars."

• Carlos Alfonso, recently retired Houston and Cincinnati minor-leaguer, now the Astros' batting-practice hurler, on the strike zone: "The way they used to hit me, it doesn't matter whether I throw high or low."

• Al McGuire, former basketball coach at Marquette, on the courses selected by college players: "Our guys took Shop and Advanced Shop. Shop is when you make a chair. Advanced Shop is when you punt it."

END

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ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT



# TALK ABOUT TOTAL PRESSURE

*Hubert Green had to withstand not only a final-round challenge from his rivals but also a death threat over the last four holes. He did both to take the U.S. Open*

by Dan Jenkins

When a more bizarre conclusion is scripted for the U.S. Open it will have to be written by Woody Allen. Picture this. A guy is clinging to a lead about as wide as a bead of sweat with the first major title of his career within his reach. Then out of the trees on the 14th hole come nine uniformed and armed policemen. From TV towers, ABC cameras swing over Tulsa's Southern Hills golf course, not shooting the tournament but scanning the crowd of 20,000 lining the fairways and clustered around the greens. At the 14th green a group of USGA officials is conferring quietly. Hubert Green, 30, the tournament leader by one stroke, puts out, and Sandy Tatum, the vice-president of the USGA, draws him aside. Green is informed that a telephone call, probably one of those that sick people make, has been received by a clerk at the FBI office in Oklahoma City. A woman has said that three of her male friends are on their way to Tulsa to rub out Green.

Play stalls. Finally Hubert moves to the 15th hole. Photographers down the fairway suddenly find their view obscured by city police. Green tees up his ball. He then takes an understandably nervous swipe at it and the ball hooks wildly toward the trees. If the ball goes as deeply into the woods as it appears, it

might, golf's most precious tournament will belong to Lou Graham, who is the fellow putting the most heat on Hubert and keeping the tournament from becoming a yacht race.

But good things should happen to a man who has been victimized. Green's tee shot at the 15th strikes a tree trunk and comes to rest in the rough, leaving him a clear shot to the 407-yard par-4 hole. He lofts a nice, gutsy iron onto the green and gets the putt down in two for a par. It seems routine to those who do not know about the extra strain that has been placed upon him. Open pressure is quite enough, usually.

Hubert's drive and second shot at the 569-yard par-5 16th look a bit shaky. But that's where he jams a pitching wedge up there for a cough-in birdie and gets the two-stroke advantage he desperately needs to survive Lou Graham, the rugged course, the steaming climate and Hubert's own nerves.

At the 17th hole, where Graham had hit one of the most confounding three-irons in the history of low, dark, prowling hooks to stay in contention, Green does something equally marvelous. He gets a 40-foot putt close enough to secure a par from a place on the green where the ball has to travel up and over and down by way of a Rumadri Inn.

Now comes the 18th, where Hubert has to sit on his golf bag and wait for what seems like 9,000 hours while people named Gary Jacobson and Don Pudgett finish the hole. Jacobson has hit under the immense scoreboard. Pudgett is in a trap. But Green sits there calmly and then strolls over to chat with some USGA officials.

Apart from a homemade bomb or some distant rifle fire, Green's problem is to make sure he makes no worse than a bogey 5 on this great finishing hole that has humbled Jack Nicklaus, for one. Nicklaus bogeyed it every day. Green drives safely enough into the light rough and can lay up with his second shot.

But to make the ending all the more suspenseful, he bounces into the front left bunker. From there a bogey is likely and worse is possible. Hubert gets the ball onto the green but is still 30 feet from the hole, and the putt has a left break and then a right. He hits it about three feet short. Standing over that second putt he may feel he needs a bulletproof vest, but he hits the ball right into the heart of the cup—a "center cut," the pros call it. With that, Hubert Green has a closing round of 70, which, along with his earlier 69-67-72, gives him a remarkable winning total of two-under-par 278 and the first major crown of a career that has long been underrated.

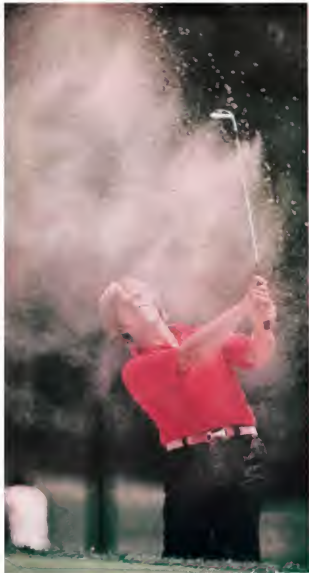
Death threats are not unknown in sport, but one rarely has been made to a golfer, and never in the U.S. Open. The chief of tournament security, Llewellyn Jones of the Tulsa police, was informed of the threat about the time that Green finished the front nine. He immediately summoned Tatum and two other USGA officials by walkie-talkie. The men met on the paved apron of the

continued

*Green kept his confidence and his one-stroke lead at Southern Hills to win his first major tournament*







The course's smothering sand produced dynamite explosions; this one by first-round co-leader Dite

#### U.S. OPEN continued

clubhouse, finding privacy in its openness. The woman caller had told the FBI that the men would shoot Hubert on the 15th green, which is on the periphery of the course. By now, Green was putting out on the 10th hole. Jones already had a house near the 15th green under surveillance and had sent word to the plainclothesmen spread out on the course to work Green's gallery. Extra plainclothesmen had been called from downtown Tulsa and ABC had agreed to surrender some of its cameras to the police for more surveillance.

Before the tournament had started, Lieut. Jones had drawn up a "disaster memo" (later changed to an "emergency memo"), but his major concerns at the time had been tornadoes, kidnapping, pickpockets and prostitution. The memo did not deal with death threats.

Bearing in mind ABC's bullhooed national TV broadcast—which for the first time showed viewers all 18 holes and more sport at one sitting than even the Olympics—the USGA officials and Jones decided to proceed with caution. Green would be given all the information they had and the option of deciding whether or not he would continue the round. He would be offered half an hour to think about what to do. If he had decided not to keep playing, the USGA admitted later it would have been in a quandary.

Lieut. Jones told Green that 99 out of 100 death threats were empty and suggested that he not be alarmed. After some reflection, Green shrugged it off in a lighthearted fashion and said he would finish his round. He walked up to the 15th tee. When he snap-hooked his drive, it appeared that the death threat might well cost Green the championship he had sought for so long.

By the time Hubert had reached the 18th fairway and was sitting on his golf bag, he had decided not to mention the incident to anyone. After sinking the winning putt, he was hustled into the clubhouse by USGA officials and the police and was closeted with them for an hour. Then he was brought to the press tent where he recounted his hole-by-hole performance. The questioning was traditional—about clubs, bunkers, yards, about the pressure of being in the lead from the first day. Only a handful of reporters had realized that something out of the ordinary had happened.

Well into the session, one reporter said, "Hubert, do you have anything to

say about your conference with the police and USGA officials on the 14th hole?"

"I'm not going to comment on that," Green replied.

He took another question: "Hubert, do you consider yourself a better bunker player than off the tee?"

It seemed that the USGA, ABC, Green and the Tulsa police were going to get away with their secret. But a couple of reporters persisted until the story finally came out. Green wanted very much not to talk about the incident.

A few hours later, when Tom Weiskopf was asked what he would have done if he had been in such a situation, he cracked, "I was so hot [he had birdied 15 and 16], I'd have caught the bullets in my teeth and bit it in half."

By then one could be humorous. The jokes on the tour are just beginning, e.g., a guy who puts like Hubert Green ought to play under armed guard.

It was Green's putting that won him the Open. On the front nine on Sunday he turned several bogeys into pars and birdies into birdies when he had the opportunity, and when he truly had a chance to make a horrible double bogey at the 9th, he rolled in a dandy, curling edge-footer for a mere bogey.

For a while on Sunday, Green had a four-stroke lead and the championship looked to be all but over. The famous names who had hinted they might make a pass at him—Gary Player, Nicklaus and Weiskopf—were standing still. Player had supplied a few thrills earlier in the week by holing out an ungodly 40-yard pitch shot from ankle-high rough for a birdie and by finishing Saturday's play with three straight birdies to stand just two shots behind Green. But Player looks more and more like a man whose nerves are strained by Sundays. He finished in a tie for 10th at 285 with, among others, Nicklaus.

Weiskopf had another fine Open, but he lost vital strokes early on, racking up two double bogeys and a triple bogey. He would lose the championship by only three strokes, ending with a one-over 281 for third place.

There was an hour or so in the final round when Tom Purtzer was Green's only challenger. Like Hubert, Purtzer holed almost every putt he looked at over the front nine, and he remained a very serious contender as late as the 14th hole. But Purtzer's Open went over the fence



Protective cops, reacting to death threat, shepherd Green and partner Andy Bean to the clubhouse

and out of bounds on that 207-yard par 3, and the double bogey resulting from his errant long-iron shot sent him on his way to a 282 and fourth.

Which brought to the fore the miracle man, Lou Graham. He had started with bogeys on the first two holes and was thought to be no more a part of things than, say, a man who missed the cut. But he birdied the 12th, and then he birdied the 14th, and then the 15th, and then the 16th with a shot you figured couldn't hold the green or get close to the pin unless it had been hit with a seven-wood. It was, in fact, a glorious five-iron. And then he hit that 170-yard three-iron out of the trees at the 17th and barely missed the putt for what would have been still another birdie. It was indeed a brave charge and full of excitement.

But by then, of course, the real ex-

citement was out there with Hubert Green and Starsky and Hutch and Sam Spade and Philip Marlowe. And one must also include those USGA officials.

These are the genteel clubmen—bankers, businessmen, lawyers—one usually sees at an Open standing among wheat or anthers discussing the fate of another fellow in floral double knit and lime polyester. On these innumerable occasions the USGA officials are making rulings. They do a lot of this now. In the old days Joe Dey or someone like that would simply look down at the mud caked on the ball, glance through the narrow opening of tree limbs confronting the golfer and say "Hit it."

Rulings did not play any vast role in last week's Open, but they provided some humor and relief. Ben Crenshaw got to drop freely off an ice cube before strik-

*continued*

Graham's late charge fell short by one stroke



Weiskopf had a painful start but finished third





*Palmer wore a hat that but his game cooled off*

#### U.S. OPEN continued

ing a chip shot to the 18th green. And he asked the official to hurry up and give him the drop before the ice cube melted and his ball rolled to Muskogee. Terry Diehl got to lay away from a sprinkler head without sacrificing his lung and right forearm, which is the normal USGA price.

The pros like to ask for rulings in the Open because they secretly enjoy watching the USGA chaps get nervous and summon each other over walkie-talkies and thumb through the rule book and quite often never be totally sure of decisions—at least in the opinion of the pros.

That was not the case in the ruling involving defending champion Jerry Pate. He had driven badly off the 18th tee, and a tree prevented him from swinging in such a way that he could advance the ball toward the green. He could play the shot right-handed, but the ball would go sideways. Or he could try an outlandish left-handed shot by standing on the other side of the ball and hitting it toward the green. Except that when he addressed the ball left-handed, his feet would be on a cart path, and a golfer is allowed relief from that. What Pate wanted to do, of course, was take advantage of the rules by addressing the ball from a left-handed stance, getting a free drop and then hitting the shot right-handed.

Jerry knew he wasn't going to get a free drop, but he inquired about it anyhow, and in a short while he was surrounded by all kinds of Sandy Tatum's.

Tatum finally said, "Jerry, if we were to grant you relief, it would substantially alter the configuration of the shot."

Pate looked at Tatum and blinked.

"Huh?" said Jerry.

Tatum repeated the judgment with all of those strange words like grant and substantial and configuration in his sentence.

"What does that mean in English, Mr. Tatum?" said Pate. "I went to Alabama, not Harvard."

After the laughter, Pate played on to the double bogey and a 76, which caused him to miss the 36-hole cut by one stroke, and so ended his reign.

Tommy Bolt also departed on Friday. The 59-year-old pro who had taken the last U.S. Open at Southern Hills 19 years ago shot 75-78 this time. That other golden oldie, Arnold Palmer, did far better, keeping an enormous gallery whooping until the final day when he dropped into a tie for 19th. His best round was a 70 on Thursday, when half of the population of Tulsa shared the lead at 69. One by one, and occasionally two by two, the leaders were paraded into the huge press tent for mass interviews after their 69s. Some of the fellows were not only strangers to many of the literary types, they might as well have been wearing paper sacks over their heads as far as most of the tournament officials were concerned. None of them was Nicklaus, and only one of them was Hubert Green.

There was this wonderful interlude when a couple of leaders, Larry Nelson



*Nicklaus hat had as little starch as his game*

and Terry Diehl, were in there together. Nelson was behind the microphone with a USGA official named Ted Herbert, who was helping out on the public-relations committee.

When the interview was apparently concluded, Herbert said, "Are there any more questions for Terry Diehl?"

Larry Nelson said nothing.

"Thank you, Terry," said the USGA man.

And Larry Nelson stepped down.

Then Terry Diehl came to the microphone.

"Gentlemen," said the USGA gentleman, "here's another contestant with a fine round of 69, Larry Nelson."

To which Diehl said, "I'm Terry, that's Larry."

Diehl was to become better known by week's end. He held second after Friday, just one stroke behind Green, and was in a tie for third at even par after Saturday's drama. He wound up in a tie for seventh, shooting four-over on the final afternoon.

Another remarkable intruder who made an impact on the Open was Don Padgett. Padgett not only wasn't Jack Nicklaus, he wasn't even Terry Diehl. In fact, Padgett wasn't even in the tournament for two rounds, but on Saturday his name went up on the leader boards. When Padgett shot a front-nine 32, people figured he would come back in 42 and disappear again into the life of a young club professional on the outskirts of Indianapolis. But he birdied the 10th hole and parred the 11th and birdied the



*Missing the cut after 36 holes, Tommy bolted*

12th, and the next thing anybody knew he was on his way to the 18th, needing only a par for a record-tying 65.

Padgett failed to get his par when he hit into the Arkansas River sand in the bunker, but the bogey still gave him a 66, the low round of the tournament (Jerry McGee matched it on Sunday) and a score no one thought very possible amid the tortures of Southern Hills.

It turns out that Padgett is the son of the president of the PGA, but that fact has not helped him make it on the PGA tour. He had given up a couple of years ago to take a club job, and he said he was happy with the life of renting cars and selling sweaters and playing in a tournament now and then.

Padgett dropped back to obscurity on Sunday, shooting an 80, but Gary Jacobson, another little-known pro, hung in until the final holes, winning \$10,875 and tying Jay Haas for fifth. Jacobson, who is 24, tried to get a golf scholarship at Arizona State and failed (his father paid his way through the school), tried three times to get his PGA card and failed, and even tried the mini-tour circuit and failed. It was no consolation that the mini-tour also went bust; it owed Jacobson \$150. But here he was in Tulsa shooting rounds of 73-70-67-73.

Jacobson and Padgett and Purizer must wait for other opportunities. And Graham and Weiskopf must wait for other U.S. Opens. The honor and the title this time are Hubert Green's.

There are these things to say of the new Open champion. He doesn't wear a glove, which is unusual in this day and age. His swing is a little swifter than perfectionists prefer. He putts with a funny-looking stance and his hands stretch all over the grip. He addresses the ball with his hands low. Hubert is not a pretty golfer, in other words. But he is among the finest iron players around. There may be no better man in the game with a pitching wedge from 100 yards on in.

And now we know a bit more about his competitiveness as a golfer, and an awful lot more about his nerve and his heart.

In the end it could be said that none of the Ben Hogans or Bobby Joneses or Jack Nicklauses had ever won the Open under the very special kind of pressure that Hubert Green did.

END



*And through it all Green hung tough, besting foliage and his foes over the four scorching days*

# GENERATION GAP: HALF A LENGTH

*Jade Prince and Nat Lobell—driven by the Kopases, father and son—finished one-two in the Cane Pace, leaving the Cinderella horse of the evening back among the pumpkins at Yonkers Raceway in the richest harness race ever* **by Douglas S. Looney**

It was nearing midnight last Saturday as a young couple walked disconsolately away from the bright lights of Yonkers Raceway into the muggy and foggy dark of a New York evening. "What was the horse that won the Cane Pace?" the woman inquired. "Jade Prince," the man responded dully. "But it doesn't matter. You'll probably never hear of him again." The way they were mindlessly kicking their sneakers at the losing tickets on the ground perhaps indicated that they would have been better off if they had heard of Jade about an hour earlier. And, their feelings of the moment notwithstanding, they very likely will hear of Jade Prince again. A lot of people will. Jade is a colt that can be very, very good or very, very bad, but by winning the Cane, the first race in pacing's Triple Crown, he established himself for the moment as a leader among a crop of 3-year-olds widely considered the best in recent years.

The evening also turned out to be a glorious one for Canada's hotshot father-and-son driving team—Jack Kopas, 48, and John, 23. For while Jade earned \$67,614 of the \$286,500 purse with Jack in the sulky, John was second with Nat Lobell, for another \$38,964 in winnings. Jack analyzed the Kopas' sweep of a field of 14. "The other colts aren't as good," he said. "Which is, you see, why ours are better." Casey Stengel could not have said it more clearly.

The consensus at Yonkers before the first heat of the richest-ever harness race (\$286,500) was that several other colts were just as good or better. The emergence of Kopas père et fils could foretoken a fascinating harness season, as they contend with the unusually large number of quality challengers, including four colts (besides Jade) who last year broke the old world juvenile mark of 1:55½. Jade, in fact, went in 1:54½ in October to become the fastest racing standardbred in history. But up to

the Cane, he had been sour this season.

The sentimental money at Yonkers Saturday was on a Cinderella colt named Big Towner. As so often happens, this Cinderella discovered that the shoe didn't fit the hoof. It was close, though. Because of the size of the Cane field, two elimination heats were raced, with the first four horses in each returning for the final.

Big Towner drew into the first heat, the tougher one, which included two first-rate colts, Governor Skipper and Lobell. The focus, however, was on Towner, because his early record had been good and because everybody knew that his owners had put up \$25,000 early in the week as a supplemental fee to make

him eligible for the race. Towner had been purchased as a yearling for \$5,700 by three men: a gambler from Falls Church, Va. named Pat Kelly; Gerry Post, a statistician for the U.S. Census Bureau; and the proprietor of a Washington, D.C. area fish market, Richard Bessette. The group's limit had been \$6,000. Towner was not beautiful, but he was cheap. And it appeared last year that his racing ability was not gorgeous, either. His best was a leisurely 2:05½ and in June he was excused, in some disgust, from further competition for the year.

Last winter things got worse. The horse developed agonizing intestinal trouble, and at one point tried to commit suicide by banging his head and body



*Shaken up by the elder Kopas, Jade (6) closes with a rush to beat Lobell and junior in 1:50*

against the stall. Tranquilizers every five hours saved him. "Horses are chicken-hearted in pain," said the colt's trainer Lee Broglio. Next Towner developed a fever, which was knocked down after five days by shots that cost \$150 a day. Then he went lame, probably from throwing himself around the stall. But in February, Towner began to display that he had a gear beyond fast.

Interest naturally increased in having him race in the Cane, but it would now cost real money, because payments to keep him eligible had been discontinued during the winter of discontent. Broglio advised against it, so did others. Kelly, the man owner, mulled things over and concluded, "It really is ridiculous to supplement him." At which time he came up with the necessary 25 Gs.

All this is the stuff of which dreams are made. Disregarding Towner's unfavorable post position (five) and the problems he might have with Skipper leaving from the third spot and Lobell from the fourth, bettors sent him off at 2-40-1. Ear-

lier in the year, Lobell had been picked by the U.S. Trotting Association as potentially the fastest pacer of the season. Yonkers handicapper Gerry Mastellone admitted the three colts were so close in ability that in making his morning line he simply went by the starting position. "If Towner had gone from the three hole," said Mastellone, "I'd have made him the favorite."

In the first heat, Towner led from the start and marked a fine 1:58½. Although he won by only a neck over Skipper, the even-money favorite, Skipper's driver, John Chapman, didn't blow any smoke. "I wasn't going to catch him no how," he said. "He is a monster." Which, of course, is what owner Kelly contended all along. And why he had strongly recommended to a friend that he put down a \$500 exacta (picking the first and second horses in order) on Towner and Skipper, and another \$1,000 to win on Towner. (Rules prevent owners from making exacta bets when their own horses are involved.) The bets were made

In this heat, Lobell was an uninspired third. Said the disgruntled John Kopas, "At least I made the finals. He'll be better." His voice smacked of bravado.

In the second heat against an easier field, B Gs Bunny turned heads at the pari-mutuel windows. Handicapper Mastellone had listed Jade at 6-to-1 because "he was great as a 2-year-old but has shown nothing this year," having won only three of 10 starts. The bettors finally made him a 12-to-1 choice and he rewarded their skepticism with a ho-hum third-place finish. Said Jack Kopas, "We aren't dead yet. I think I wish we were, but we aren't." Bunny had an easy hop to win in 1:58½.

Meanwhile, the Towner people were jubilant. "The horse can't lose," Kelly chortled. "He's the Rocky of harness horses. I just hope we get the Academy Award." He recommended \$700 worth of exactas. The bettors liked Towner best, then Bunny and Skipper. Lobell was the fourth choice at 5-to-1 and Jade was brushed off at 30-to-1.

Early on, it looked as if Towner would get a super trip in the final, tucked in behind Bunny. All he needed to do was wait till late, then win. Which is not even close to what happened. Towner's driver, Lucien Fontaine, says his colt turned rowdy, got the bit in his teeth and, when Candid Camera ranged alongside, Towner had to be yanked back. Later on, when he drifted out, Jade Prince got by him. Lamented Fontaine, who came in for a full measure of second-guessing concerning the horrendous trip, "I was in trouble."

True. Five horses broke stride all over the track in a (phenomenally high number in a pace of this caliber), but the two Canadian fellows avoided it all. Easing along in front at the top of the stretch, John Kopas watched Lobell and mused on how the colt "was just learning what going fast is all about." Then along came Duddy and Jade, who prevailed by a half length in 1:59. Towner struggled to third, beaten by 18½ lengths, but still won \$56,727 for the evening.

Several days before the race, John asked his father if he wouldn't like to take over driving Lobell, because he appeared to be the best colt and the old man had waited 30 years for a horse like this, Jack declined. "If you win," he said, "it will still be in the family. That's good enough for me."

END

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARSH MULLER





*Before Seaver made his debut with Cincinnati, he and Johnny Bench retired to the outfield to discuss signs and strategy.*

## TOM TERRIFIC ARMS THE RED ARSENAL

*The Mets' big gun Tom Seaver could not make peace with his bosses, so they traded him to Cincinnati, where he got off to a booming start* **by Larry Keith**

For 10 years and two months as a New York Met he had created dramatic moments that others could savor with him, but this one Tom Seaver decided to reserve for himself. The significance of his first start for the Cincinnati Reds did not elude him. "I was beginning the second part of my career," he would say a couple of hours later. "I wanted to look

ground and remember what I saw." And so he stood on the mound at Montreal's Olympic Stadium for an extra minute, taking it all in, all the sights and sounds that told him he was now a Red. Only then did he get ready to throw his first pitch.

And how he threw. Seaver pitched a complete game, a shutout, a three-hitter,

a 6-0 victory. He struck out eight and did not walk a Montreal batter. And at the plate, he had two hits, including a base-loaded single that drove in two Cincinnati runs.

The transaction that enabled Seaver to make the quantum jump from the Mets to the Reds was only one of many that shifted 40 players in the hours before last Wednesday's trading deadline, but as befits Seaver's stature as the premier pitcher in the National League, his trade was by far the most important and controversial. Not only were the defending world champions given a significant boost in their drive to overtake the flagging Western Division-leading Los Angeles Dodgers, but the Reds also did it





*Seaver did not allow an Expo to reach second base, but he got there—and beyond—as he had two hits and two RBIs*

without surrendering a first-rank player. To get the 32-year-old Seaver from the Mets, the Reds gave up Pitcher Pat Zachry, 25, Utility Infielder Doug Flynn, 26, and minor league Outfielders Steve Henderson, 24, and Dan Norman, 22. There was not even any cash involved, no player to be named later.

Usually when the big stars of baseball change uniforms they do it in tandem: home-run champion Rocky Colavito of Cleveland for batting champion Harvey Kuenn of Detroit in 1960, for example. However, the seemingly one-sided Seaver deal was not unprecedented, and history suggests there may someday be a measure of solace for enraged Met fans. Four years ago the Cubs traded Fergu-

*continued*





Anderson, alias Captain Hook, has met his match in Seaver, who usually finishes what he starts

son Jenkins, a six-time 20-game winner, to Texas for two young infielders, one of whom, the then-untested Bill Madlock, won the 1975 and 1976 batting titles. The classic trade of this kind—and one that closely parallels the Seaver deal—occurred in 1916. In spring training, Centerfielder Tris Speaker, who had led Boston to the world championship the season before with his seventh consecutive .300-plus batting average, was holding out for \$12,000 when he was shipped to Cleveland for cash and two unknowns. Speaker had 11 superior seasons for the Indians and was elected to the Hall of Fame. But luckily for the Red Sox one of the unknowns, a young pitcher named Sam Jones, turned out to be good enough to win more than 200 big league games.

Like Speaker 61 years ago, Seaver is in the prime years of a glorious career; also like Speaker, his hassling with management precipitated his removal at a scathingly low return in players. Seaver's dissatisfaction was more than financial, however. In light of last winter's free-agent signings, he considered himself underpaid at \$225,000 a year, but he was also disturbed that the Mets had not been

diligently seeking the hitting and fielding help they so obviously need. Seaver had personally recommended Gary Matthews, but the Mets, despite attempts by their management to make New York fans believe otherwise, failed to make a competitive offer for the San Francisco outfielder. Matthews went to the Atlanta Braves instead.

"The money was always secondary to my loyalty to the Mets," Seaver told *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*'s Kent Hannon last week. "The people who think I was bitter about not making more money or who think I was trying to force a trade by asking that my contract be renegotiated won't believe me. But for the record, my loyalty to the Mets and my desire to make them competitive always came first. I don't think I've shown myself to be a greedy person."

Seaver's disagreement on these points with Met Chairman of the Board M. Donald Grant and General Manager Joe McDonald was so intense that it spilled like hot lava into the New York press. Seaver even charged that constant criticism directed at him by *Daily News* Sports Editor and Columnist Dick Young

was one of the reasons he wanted to leave the team. Nevertheless, Young's support of Grant and McDonald—the Met executives perceive Young as their man in the press—was not much different in degree from the boosting of Seaver that appeared in the other two New York papers. On the day Seaver was traded, Young—whose detractors have claimed his views are colored by the fact that his son-in-law works in the Mets' front office—wrote that the pitcher was "very deceptive" and "very greedy." The next afternoon Maury Allen of the *New York Post* responded, "It is Young who forced the deal, who urged Grant on, who participated strongly in the unmaking of Tom Seaver as a Met."

Whoever was responsible for Seaver's departure, Met fans were furious. Even before the negotiations were completed, they flooded the Shea Stadium switchboard with complaints. The night after the trade, they welcomed the team home from a road trip with signs reading *BUCKY GRANT—BRING BACK OLD TOM* and with leaflets suggesting a boycott of home games until Seaver returned on Aug. 19 with Cincinnati. "On that occasion," the flyer read, "we urge all true Met fans to attend that game to show Tom our appreciation for the many magnificent performances he has given us."

There were so many of those during Seaver's decade with the Mets that he came to be called The Franchise. In 1967 he was Rookie of the Year; in 1969, '73 and '75 he won Cy Young Awards. His 200 or more strikeouts in nine consecutive seasons is a major league record, as is his 2.48 career earned run average among pitchers who have worked at least 2,000 innings. But the best measure of Seaver's stature was his record of 189 victories and 110 defeats. He won 63% of his games as a Met, and he led a team that had been perennial last-place finishers to two pennants and a world championship. The club's percentage when someone else was pitching during those 10-plus years was only 47%.

At the time of the trade, Seaver was 7-3 and the Mets were 26-34, a last-place team going nowhere. The players New York received from Cincinnati are not likely to improve the club much. Zachry was 3-7 on his arrival, and Flynn was batting .250. Henderson has taken over in left field for the Mets because he has ex-

continued

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were made  
for Michelob.*

*It's an  
unexpected  
pleasure.*



ceptional promise. He may be the Sam Jones of this deal. Norman was immediately dispatched to the Mets' farm club at Tidewater.

However these young players turn out, they are not the men the Mets really wanted. McDonald told the Met television audience, "This may not have been the best deal we could've made, but we were restricted in whom we could talk to." The restrictions were the result of Seaver's status as a "10-and-5" man—10 years in the majors and five straight with the same club. This gave him the right to veto a trade, and he had told the Mets he would only accept one of the National League powerhouses: Cincinnati, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh or Philadelphia.

"We were hoping to get a front line player like Ken Griffey or George Foster from the Reds or Ron Cey or Steve Garvey from the Dodgers," McDonald says. "But nobody would agree to anything like that. Everyone knew that Tom was unhappy and that we were limited in whom we could talk to, so we were in a difficult bargaining position."

The disagreement that led to the trade began during Seaver's lengthy and often stormy contract negotiations in the spring of 1976. Seaver wanted to be the highest-paid pitcher in baseball (which he deserved to be) and to pursue an active role in the Major League Players Association (which was his right). This distressed Grant, a conservative, paternalistic man who is used to having things very much his own way. The Payson family, which owns the team, has given Grant broad authority to run it, and Grant has always acted in a strong, thoroughly obstinate manner. He is tightlipped with the Mets' money. In an interview with *SI's* Melissa Ludtke, Grant recalled telling Seaver at the time, "I know that a lot of people who are capitalists have to belong to unions, but I don't believe it is possible to be a capitalist and a leader of the union."

Capitalist-union leader Seaver eventually signed a three-year contract full of complex incentive and penalty clauses. The disagreement seemed settled until the start of spring training this year when Seaver ill-advisedly reopened the debate, charging unfair treatment the previous spring. He failed to mention that the Mets had not exercised their contractual right to cut his 1977 salary 20% because of his failure to meet certain minimum per-

formance standards. (Seaver's '76 record was a mediocre 14-11, but in his losses his teammates provided him with a meekly total of 15 runs.)

The Mets also refused to put Seaver's salary in line with the higher levels created by free agency. Baltimore, for instance, had done this for Jim Palmer, who is the American League's Seaver. Accordingly, Seaver's income from baseball had dropped below that of at least 25 other players. The day he was traded the Mets' board of directors was still considering his request for a three-year extension of his contract at a higher salary and a \$250,000 bonus in 1979, but the question became moot when he called to say, once and for all, "I want out." Seaver's decision was spurred by a Young column which implied that Seaver was demanding more dough in order to placate his wife Nancy, who was supposedly upset because the Angels' Nolan Ryan, a close friend, was making more than Seaver. But it is doubtful the Mets would have acceded to Seaver's request. Rules, after all, are rules.

As for Seaver's demands for better support on the field, they certainly had merit, but as a player he was in no position to dictate club policy, no matter what his stature or how inadvisable that policy seemed to be.

Just last Wednesday afternoon, as the trade deadline neared, Seaver worked out

with the Mets before their evening game in Atlanta, but he knew he was on his way out, because earlier in the day he had signed a release that gave the Mets clearance to wrap up a deal with Cincy. Seaver said emotional farewells to his three oldest friends on the team, Pitcher Jerry Koosman, Shortstop Bud Harrelson and Catcher Jerry Grote, and while the Mets were beating the Braves, he took a flight to New York, where Nancy met him at the airport. They drove to the Warwick Hotel in Manhattan rather than return to their home in Greenwich, Conn. Seaver learned of the trade and its details while watching the 11 o'clock news. After 10 years, his career as a Met was over.

In Atlanta, meanwhile, a letter containing Seaver's parting words to his old teammates was read aloud on the bus after the game by Manager Joe Torre. "I'll be rooting for you guys always," he wrote.

The next night in New York Torre said trading Seaver was for the best. "I didn't want to trade Tom," he said, "but an unhappy Tom Seaver could hurt us, and Tom was very unhappy. He's a superstar with a lot of clout, and it could be disruptive."

It was difficult for those who knew Seaver well to view him with such detachment. "I roomed with him for eight years," Harrelson said. "I'm very sad. I've cried several times. He was my best friend." Harrelson even asked Equipment Manager Herb Norman if he could take Seaver's locker, but Norman told him that it would be assigned to Zachry. As for Seaver's No. 41, Norman promised that he would never assign it to another player. "As far as I'm concerned, it's retired," he said.

Grote, who had caught most of Seaver's important victories, including what Seaver calls "my imperfect game" (8½ innings before he let a man on) said, "Everybody knew it would happen, but even then it floored the hell out of us. It was like knowing that an elderly person is going to die, but when it finally happens, you're still surprised."

Seaver did not depart in vain, at least not in Koosman's opinion. "Mr. Grant runs the club, and Tom couldn't deal with him on an equal level," Koosman said. "It's like he made himself a sacrificial lamb. He was speaking for himself, sure, but also for the team. We'd both say

*continued*



Grant would not give in to Seaver's demands

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awake in our rooms and think about everything that was wrong with the club and the things we thought that could be done to help it."

If a change had to be made, Seaver was glad it sent him to the Reds. For one thing, Cincinnati is the only team in the league against which he does not have a winning lifetime record. "Career-wise, this is probably the best thing that ever happened to me," Seaver said, relishing the thought of all the speed, power and Gold Gloves in the Cincy lineup. "I won't change my pitching style though, just because I'm with another team. I consider pitching an art form. I love to do it. It makes me feel creative. I'll be the same pitcher, but I am looking forward to watching this team when I'm in the dugout."

Seaver said he did not mind that he would be playing for the same salary that he made in New York. The Reds also have a policy against renegotiating, but General Manager Bob Howsam did agree

to knock out the penalty clauses in Seaver's contract. "Playing for the Reds, the money's going to be there one way or another," Seaver said, visions of playoff and World Series shares dancing in his head.

When Seaver, a Met travel bug in hand, reached the Reds' dressing room Friday, the first player he saw was Pitcher Fred Norman. "I'm here to raise the pitchers' batting averages on this team," Seaver said prophetically.

A moment later he ran into broadcaster Joe Nuxhall, who was giving up the No. 41 he wore while pitching batting practice. "They were considering giving you 41A," Nuxhall said with a laugh.

When Seaver reached his cubicle, he began putting on his scarlet and gray double-knit road uniform. The pants, size 34, were too small, but Seaver is not likely to be too big for his hitches on this club. His three Cy Youngs are outnumbered by the five Most Valuable Player trophies held collectively by Johnny Bench, Pete Rose and Joe Morgan.

The Reds, who had streaked from 13 games out of first to 6½ games out in the preceding two weeks, felt they would catch the Dodgers without Seaver, but they were very glad to have him. As Rose was telling interviewers in another part of the dressing room, "Sometimes you get a big name on the way down. But Seaver's not slipping. It'll be exciting playing third on Saturday."

It was Seaver's only problem was a bout with butterflies in the first inning. Although he retired all three Expos, Morgan said to him on the way to the dugout, "Hey, slow down. It looks like you're rushing it a little bit. Looks like you're nervous." Seaver turned to him and said, "You're darn right I'm nervous."

The rest of the game went splendidly and afterward Seaver said "That's a beautiful team. I'm playing with it's a real treat." "How was the uniform?" someone asked him. "It lies," he said, aware of just what he was saying. "It fits perfectly."

END

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A gutty crew is ready, set and about to go full throttle in a 36-footer after the record for an Atlantic crossing

by Ray Kennedy



Umm, let's see now. Four tubes of Chap Stick. Check. Put bigger wings on the DC-3. Done. Take a tracheotomy kit, just in case. Has the King of Spain RSVP'd yet? Talk to Wally Schirra again about survival. Does the trawler captain realize he may have to circle for seven days? Brief the American consul in the Azores. A backup for the backup life raft? Make sure the guy on the mountaintop has enough flares. Alert the French missile-tracking station. And oh yes, remember to look out for whales.

Like many Americans, Dr. Robert Magoon, an eye surgeon from Miami, is planning an outing over the Fourth of

## REVVED UP TO RIDE

## ON AN OCEAN OF



The *U.S. United States* took 82 hours 40 minutes, but Bob Magoon (flanked by technician Rick LaMore and navigator Jack Greenberg) believes he'll need just 72 hours—and good weather—to cover the 3,345 miles of sea

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEKARDT





July weekend, making his list and checking it twice, thrice, ad infinitum. For him that is always the most enjoyable part of a trip. "I love the details," he says, "planning things. Preparation is everything. Getting there is anticlimactic."

Well, this time a few small thrills may sneak in. For what Bob Magoon intends to do, you see, is drive a motorboat across the Atlantic Ocean, from Cabo de São Vicente, Portugal to Nantucket Lightship off Massachusetts, 3,345 punishing miles with a crew of three and an oceanful of imponderables. At stake in the Citicorp Trans-Atlantic Challenge is the world record for crossing under power (both

elapsed time and average speed) that was set by the *S.S. United States* on its maiden voyage in 1952. The 52,000-ton liner made the trip from Ambrose lightship in New York harbor to Bishop Rock, England—2,949 miles—in 82 hours 40 minutes. Pounding across seas at gut-wrenching speeds of up to 60 mph, Magoon hopes to come roaring home in 72 hours, even though he has chosen a longer route to avoid the icebergs and fog of the North Atlantic.

"This is no stunt," Magoon insists. "I've been preparing this trip for two years, and we've got a 50-50 chance of making it. From the beginning we've treated this like a space shot."

Certainly Magoon has the credentials—or whatever it takes to compel a

man to battle an entire ocean. Now 43, he has won more national offshore powerboat championships (five) and more races in one season (six) than any driver in history. And that was the problem. "After a while," he says, "the challenge was gone. I was supposed to win every race, and when I did, it meant nothing. So I retired and looked for something different."

He found it in 1974 when he covered the 1,257 miles from Miami to New York in a record 22 hours 41 minutes, clipping nearly nine hours off the old mark despite squalls, rough seas and being out of radio contact most of the way. Magoon recalls, "After that race a friend, kidding around, asked me when I was going around the world. And I started thinking about it. But the Suez Canal was

*continued*

## TROUBLE



closed then, and I estimated that it would take three months. So I settled for the hardest part, the Atlantic. I get very itchy if I'm not doing something challenging."

Fred Stecher, chairman of Citicorp Services, Inc., disbursements of traveler's checks, agreed to sponsor the project because it offered "the kind of boldness that we like to bring to the marketplace." Magoon knows all too well the perils that go with boldness. He has experienced his share of spinous, top-speed disasters in which the boat digs in at the wrong angle and instantaneously swaps ends, leaving the stomach where the feet should be. He has dive-bombed off the steep walls of waves as well, once so violently that his helmeted head smashed a hole in the deck. "You have to respect that ocean," he says, "and if you don't, you don't belong out there."

Nevertheless, when Magoon unveiled his new 36-foot Citicorp *Traveler* for inspection at the Cigarette boat works in Miami a few weeks ago, many old salts moved around in like Biblical seers waiting to slip the word to Ishmael. "He'll lose that windshield in two hours," warned one. "The damn thing weighs 10 tons fully gassed," grumbled another, "twice the weight of the boats he's used to handling. You come off a high one the wrong way and the boat'll slam down like it was dropped from a 10-story building. The hull will never like it. It'll go down like a rock."

Even Don Aronow, the designer of the Cigarette hull and a former offshore powerboat world champion in his own right (he once had a midair collision with a press helicopter that was following too closely overhead, expressed reservations. "I crossed the Atlantic maybe 20

times during the war and, believe me, it's a nasty body of water," he said. "You get rough seas with that weight, and you're going to dive if you slow down. He shouldn't go unless he gets the kind of weather he wants."

Magoon listens to all this like a man on a Bermuda high, a period of calm that makes the Atlantic as tame as Walden Pond at dawn. He says, "The Navy's top man is doing the weather for us, and he says that during the first week of July Bermuda highs are the rule, not the exception. If something bad blows up, we'll abort. I'm not insane."

If anyone doubts it, Magoon points to the shelves and filing cabinets crammed with his research on everything from sparkplugs to icebergs. He traveled the boat-show circuit for months seeking the latest in equipment. He talked to admirals, astronauts and the Pan Am pilot who radioed the position of the balloonist who was downed in a transatlantic attempt last year. "Eye surgery is delicate, exact and disciplined," says Magoon. "and I carry that training over to boat racing."

Not all the problems are calculable. While researching the Azores, where he will make two refueling stops, Magoon came across a startling picture-spread in *National Geographic*. Whales! That sent him to the School of Marine and Atmospheric Science at the University of Miami to study migration patterns. His conclusion is that "Whales definitely hang around the Azores. Big sperm whales, 50 feet long. You know, Moby Dicks. By day I can see them and go around. But at night my concern is that I'll hit a whale at full throttle."

Three weeks ago a fellow boater put him on to a Zenoscope, a light-amplify-

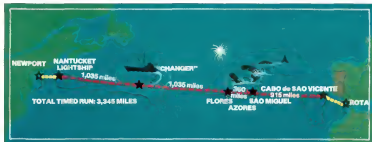
ing system that was developed in Vietnam for troops on night patrol. "I took the scope out one night during a rain-storm and shined it at the bay," says Magoon. "and, wow, I could see the rain-drops a quarter of a mile away. My whalescope goes with me for sure."

The result of Magoon's meticulous preparation is the most expensive, sophisticated outboard ever assembled: a \$150,000 prize package wrapped in red, white and blue. Mounted on the boat's reinforced transom are four 200-hp Black Max engines, tuned to jeweled perfection at Lake X, Mercury Marine's "secret" proving ground in central Florida. They are fueled by oversize gas tanks fore and aft with a total capacity of 1,610 gallons, four times the amount carried by a standard offshore racing boat. Only the human accommodations are Spartan, padded stand-up cockpit stations, and tucked below in a maze of electrical equipment, two sleeping pallets with safety straps, Magoon claims. "When the body is exhausted, it sleeps. Anywhere."

The electronics are fit for a Navy flagship. Heading the list of hardware is an Omega computer, a space-age navigational system that locks on seven transmitters located around the world and is accurate to within one-tenth of a mile in 5,000. Punch in a destination and—clickety click—the Omega provides course and direction in both digital and print-out forms. "If it works," says Magoon, "it'll find a cork bobbing in the middle of the ocean. We can't get lost."

The \$7,500 Omega is so new that there are only 30 in existence—and Magoon has two of them on board. "I've got backups for backups," he says proudly. In addition, there are two single sideband ma-

Continued



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rine radios, two VHF marine radios, two automatic direction finders, two VHF aircraft radios, one generator, four emergency distress radios, two life rafts.

But only one Magoon, or rather a Magoon and a half when you count Jack Greenberg, a seafaring heart vagoner who also likes things clean, neat and precise. Greenberg will handle the navigation. Skipper of the 42-foot sloop *Jack Knife*, he took his class in the Miami-Montego Bay race this year and was the overall winner in the Annapolis-to-Newport race last week. Greenberg feels he is ready for the rigors of a longer haul. "Even though I've had zero experience in offshore powerboats," Greenberg says, "I think I can handle it because ocean sailboat racing is more demanding."

"He may have a different opinion after we come back," says Magoon, "but it's true. The only thing physical about powerboating is holding on. On a sailboat Jack has to do all the work while he's racing; I do it all before the race."

Trim enough at 47, Greenberg used to race sports cars and motorcycles and still tools to his office at Miami's Mount Sinai Medical Center in a high-powered Porsche. Magoon, also on the Mount Sinai staff and ever anxious to discuss details, has been homing in on his navigator for months, no matter what the interference. Greenberg says, "I'd be in the operating room, right in the middle of putting in a valve, and he'd come up and say, 'Can we talk?'" Magoon says, "That's not true. I always asked a nurse beforehand if he was in an important part."

Rick LaMore, 38, a Mercury engine technician, will operate the 800 horses. If one of the engines breaks down, it will be his tricky job to haul out a specially designed dismountable boom and electric winch. Then, pitching seas or no, he will have to wrestle one of the two spare 350-pound engines on board into place. The defective Black Max will be unceremoniously chucked overboard.

The fourth crew member, selected from more than 75 volunteers, is Joel McQuade, 37, who operates an aircraft and computer-leasing firm in Dallas. He is contributing one of his planes and a 90-foot press yacht to the cause. "He's been after me to go ever since we met," Magoon says. "I chose him because he's persistent."

If all goes well and the Navy weathermen say A.O.K., Magoon will crank up his engines at 1 p.m. on July 1 at the

U.S. Navy base in Rota, Spain. King Juan Carlos, himself the owner of a 35-foot Cigarette, has promised to preside at the grand launching, schedule permitting.

An official from the Union of International Motorboating will follow the boat by plane on its first 120-mile leg. Then, when Magoon reaches Cabo de São Vicente, the southwest tip of Portugal, the official will start his stopwatch, and the race against time will begin.

Through the night, and with luck by the light of a full moon, Magoon will be in radio contact with a DC-3 escort plane. Part of what Magoon calls "our own little air force," the rebuilt prop plane can lumber along as slowly as 90 mph and remain airborne for up to 22 hours without refueling. The DC-3 will follow the boat throughout most of its journey, leaving it only to refuel in the Azores and Newfoundland. A flying warehouse crammed with spare engines, parts, mechanics and crewmen—backups for backups—the plane can deliver help to the refueling stations if trouble develops.

In addition—at no expense to the taxpayer, Magoon hastens to add—the Navy P-3 reconnaissance jets that patrol the Atlantic will monitor the boat's progress as a tracking exercise. "With the sophisticated gear on those planes," says Magoon, "they can pick up a cavity in your left rear molar." Also, by tuning in FAA emergency frequency 121.5 on his aircraft radio, Magoon can signal commercial flights plying the Atlantic.

Shortly after dawn on the second day, Magoon figures to startle the donkeys hauling milk down from the hills when he thunders in for a 45-minute refueling stop on São Miguel in the Azores. Then he is off on the 160-mile leg to Flores, the westernmost island in the archipelago, where he will top off the tanks.

But not without a little drama. Flores, a tiny volcanic outpost, has no formal harbor, only an inlet with a 45-degree ramp that whalers use to haul in their kills. Lest Magoon have difficulty finding the inlet, a man from Mercury will climb a mountain that afternoon and join a Flores native at a whale lookout post. Then, while the native stands ready to ring the large bell that signals a whale sighting, the Mercury man will keep his binoculars trained on the eastern horizon, searching for the telltale spume of Magoon's boat. When he spots it, he will shoot off a flare to mark the harbor.

As Magoon turns into the shallow inlet, a half-track borrowed from the missile-tracking station on the island will trundle down the ramp with 600 gallons of gas. Then Magoon, easing past the old whaling boats in the inlet, will take off for the 1,035-mile run to the fuel ship. The 20th century moves on.

At 39 degrees 30 minutes north latitude and 50 degrees 30 minutes west longitude—or precisely halfway between Flores and Nantucket lighthouse—Magoon will rendezvous with the 76-foot trawler *Charger*, which, because its anchor will not reach bottom, will have been circling like a waterbug for days. After taking on another full load of gas and a hot meal, Magoon will point for Nantucket light.

Waiting there will be an official from the American Power Boat Association. When the boat arrives in the late morning of the third day—the Fourth of July and almost 25 years to the day after the *United States* made its run—the official will hit his stopwatch, and the *Fantastic Voyage* of Dr. Magoon will be over.

Well, almost over. In a final moment of glory that will rev up the hearts of sinkpot lovers everywhere, Magoon will pilot his boat the 101 miles to Newport Harbor—and straight into the midst of sailboating's high society assembled for the America's Cup Trials. Picture it, the grandest gas-guzzler in the sinkpot navy rumbling past all those arched eyebrows and blazered, crested chests. Three toots and a skyrocket for Magoon!

Citigroup's William Jeanes, head of the welcoming committee, says, "We'll lift those guys out of the boat, take a few pictures and put them to bed."

Which leaves only one problem. What does an itchy man do for kicks after he has conquered a whole ocean? "Well," Magoon said recently while lingering over his coffee in a Miami restaurant, "the Suez Canal is open now..."

Just then a well-wisher stopped by and, noting that it was the 50th anniversary of Lindbergh's historic hop across the Atlantic, said, "They should call your boat 'The Spirit of Miami.'" That brought Magoon back to the present. "Yeah," he said, "but first things first." Then, after again ticking off all that could go wrong, he brightened and came as close, perhaps, as he ever will to answering the one big question: Why? "Listen," he said, "if it was easy I wouldn't be doing it. Right?" Right. **END**

Whenever he puts on his crash helmet, Indy car champion Gordon Johncock is no longer a shy, little guy who avoids the spotlight, but a fearless battler who gives no quarter

by SAM MOSES



## THE MAN IN THE FIBER GLASS MASK

Gordon Johncock has been driving race cars for 22 years, and despite the fact that he is the current USAC champion in Indy cars, he is known mostly as the quiet little guy who won the wrong Indianapolis 500, the infamous 1973 race that started with a disaster and ended with a downpour. During the coming year, however, Johncock may be known as the quiet little guy who almost won the right Indy 500—this year's fast and trouble-free race. Johncock led and controlled most of the race until the 185th of 200 laps when his engine went up in a small puff of smoke that carried away his—and every other Indy driver's—perennial dream.

Johncock is a man who has been in the right place at the wrong time all his

life. Take Indianapolis. It is a place that has done little more than tease him. In addition to snatching this year's 500 from him mere minutes before it ended, the Brickyard allowed him to turn the first 200-mph lap in its history, then buried that feat because he was two months early. Johncock's 200-mph lap came during tire tests in March, but because it was recorded with stopwatches instead of electronic timers, it doesn't count. It's as if it never happened.

Even Johncock's 1973 Indy win doesn't count for much. If someone were to offer him the chance to give it back, he might be tempted. "That May was one of the worst months of my life," he says.

Two drivers (one of them Johncock's teammate Swede Savage) and a mechan-

ic (Armando Teran, also a member of Johncock's team) died as a result of race injuries; another driver, Salt Walther, was badly burned; a dozen spectators were injured by the debris and flames spewing from Walther's car. The race was postponed twice by rain, and it finally ended in rain two days after the starter's green flag had fallen, with a total of only 332.5 miles run. The traditional victory banquet was canceled; no one felt like celebrating.

The payoff that year for the winner was \$236,022.82. Johncock's share was 38%, or about \$90,000, an average cut for a driver. But Johncock was in the middle of both a divorce from his second wife and a personal bankruptcy case; his debts totaled \$369,000. Johncock's share



of the purse was withheld by a federal bankruptcy referee, and most of it was later divided among his creditors and his first wife and five children. Since then Johncock has paid off the remainder of the debts.

Even the car that came with the prize money figuratively turned to dust. It was a Cadillac Eldorado convertible, white with red leather upholstery. Today the car sits in the driveway of Johncock's modest tract house in Phoenix. He is being sued for a quarter of a million dollars over a minor fender-bending incident while driving it.

The other party in the accident was likely surprised when he discovered that the man in the Cadillac was a race driver, for Johncock doesn't look like one. Sometimes he wears a polo shirt with cowboys on it, a design that might be found on wallpaper in a boy's bedroom, and he often wears an expression that seems to say he's not sure if he should tuck the shirt in or not. The impish grin alone separates him from other drivers,

who wear marks of stone a lot of the time. On the track Johncock wears a crash helmet with an especially narrow window for his eyes, a slit barely two fingers wide, and the helmet always seems to be dropping down and pushing the window over his nose, which makes him look like a little boy wearing a hat three sizes too large. He drives with his head cocked back so he can see through the slit, and that makes him look like the same little boy in the big hat trying to peer over the top of the kitchen table.

Johncock is about 5' 7" and his arms are not long enough to boost him out of his car smoothly, sometimes he gets stuck. As he pulled off in Turn One at Indy this year, TV commentator Jackie Stewart, believing Johncock was dizzy from the heat, cried, "He's struggling to get out of his car!" Johncock always struggles to get out of his car.

It is no surprise that people with a soft spot for the underdog are attracted to Johncock. One woman, upon viewing the Indy 500 on television last month, be-

came a Johncock fan by watching him during the moments immediately after he pulled off the track. "There was something so endearing about him," she said. "The poor fellow had come so close to winning, and there he was, standing in the creek in the infield to cool off. He just looked so forlorn."

The truth is, Johncock is embarrassed by attention, and doesn't talk much. "Don't tell him I said this," says a friend who knows him well, "but the reason Gordy has so little to say is that he's afraid he'll say the wrong thing. But it's not as bad as it used to be. He never used to say anything."

Johncock's two favorite spectator sports are boxing and hockey, which should reveal something about him. His sports hero is Joe Frazier, and Johncock drives the way Frazier fought: he just keeps coming at you. Says Wally Dallenbach, Johncock's teammate, "Racing Gordy is like having a six-pound bass on six-pound-test line. You just hope you can wear him down a little bit."

continued

Johncock won the USAC championship much to the chagrin of motor-racing publicists. It was nothing personal, but they would have preferred the champion to be Johnny Rutherford. Rutherford, who lost the 1976 championship by the equivalent of one point in the final race of the year, has a talent Johncock does not have: he is smooth with the public, an "ambassador for the sport."

At the races Johncock is easily overlooked, but there is often a crowd around Rutherford, anxiously waiting for a piece of him the way kids at a carnival wait for a ride on the pony. Rutherford obligingly holds still for them all, not purely out of a selfless desire to please, but in part because he is aware of the utility of a good-guy image: "I don't know whether I should be throwing peanuts to them, or they should be throwing peanuts to me," he says.

Says Johncock matter-of-factly, with-

out jealousy or resentment, or even regret, "I don't doubt Rutherford would be a better champion as far as publicity goes. He likes to go out and make speeches and do all that stuff. I wouldn't care if I never did any of that."

There is no love lost between Johncock and Rutherford. After a tangle in only the second race of this season, in which Johncock spun and Rutherford went on to win, they had a fistfight during a post-race press conference.

The prefight exchange went like this: Johncock: "You drove right into me and knocked me off the track. You know better than to drive like that."

Rutherford: "That's racing, Gordy. If you can't stand the heat, you better get out of the kitchen."

Johncock: "Well, if that's the way it is, if you ever run into me again I'll knock you over the fence."

Rutherford turned and shouted to the

reporters, "You heard it! You heard it! You're witnesses!" Then he turned back to Johncock and said, "You shouldn't say things like that. I'll have you thrown out of USAC for that, little man." Which is the wrong thing to say to Gordy, even if you are four inches taller. Gordy's reply was a right crow. Rutherford countered with a blow or two of his own before two burly sheriff's deputies lifted a flailing Johncock off his feet by his elbows and dragged him out of the press room.

"We've had run-ins before," sniffed Rutherford through a sore nose as he finished the interview. "It bothers me, but it's not going to hurt my racing. I'm not going to be gun-shy and stay away from him. I'll drive through his tail if that's what he wants. If that's the way he wants to play, I'll have to defend myself."

Rutherford was asked if future run-ins were inevitable. "I think so," he replied.

A week later Dick King, USAC's president, sat Johncock and Rutherford down together. He fined Johncock \$1,500 for punching Rutherford and warned them that another incident, on or off the track, would result in an immediate suspension.

Johncock is still fuming. "The Rutherford issue has definitely not gone away with me," he said in an interview at Indianapolis. "It's already surfaced again because of the way he drives and the way he treats other drivers. Incident after incident proves... well, I don't know what he is thinking about. I don't know if he loses his mind, or what, when he gets out there in a race car. Sooner or later it's going to catch up with him."

Responded Rutherford, "I thought it had all died down, but he's still carrying a chip. I just don't understand him."

Rutherford is not alone. Johncock is not an easy man to understand. His criticism of Rutherford, as well as his spitting of Rutherford, were rare displays of Johncock's temper, but those few who know him well were not really surprised by either. However unfortunate Johncock's behavior was, it was the result of a certain ingenuousness, and Johncock is nothing if not ingenuous.

If Johncock could have his way, he would forget all about Rutherford and go hunting. When he talks about racing, his eyes drift and seem to say, "Ho-hum." When he talks about hunting, they dart with animation. "I can't say there's anything I like more than hunting," he says. "I remember when I was a kid, I used to

*continued*



Before the Rex Mays 150, Johncock made repairs to the helmet that would save his life in that race. Since Gordon teamed up with mechanic George Bigotti (below), he has won Indy and a USAC title.





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go rabbit hunting with my dad in Michigan. He had this old pickup, and we'd go out early on a winter morning and drive around in the snow. I'd be standing in the pickup's bed, and when I'd see a rabbit I'd pound my fist on the cab, and Dad would stop so I could get a shot." Pause. "I wish I was still a kid shooting rabbits in the snow."

Another race to Johncock surfaced during one of his recent hunting trips. "If you pamper dogs, they ain't worth nothing," growled a companion to Johncock as they drove to the high desert outside Phoenix. The comment was inspired by Johncock's sharing the bucket seat of his Blazer with a German shorthair.

"Dogs got feelings, too," replied Johncock. "They get cold and hungry." Snickers and barks from the companion; a wistful stare out of the window from Johncock. Then he said, "When I get settled someplace, I'm going to get me a dog, no two dogs, for every kind of hunting there is."

Nostalgic visions of rabbits in the Michigan snow, sharing his seat with a hunting dog because the dog has feelings, too—Johncock has both a soft heart and romantic spirit. Which is how the bankruptcy came about.

Johncock does not have the business acumen or killer instinct of a Parnelli Jones or a Roger Penske, men who have made millions from racing. He was raised on a remote Michigan farm near Hastings—a sheltered existence. He didn't have to fight his way down the block, as Jones did; he doesn't have a college degree in industrial management, as Penske does. He quit school at 16, when his parents divorced. In the settlement his dad got the farm equipment. Mom and Gordon got the farm. So Gordon went into debt at 16 to buy new equipment to work the farms. At 21 he expanded into a logging operation; at 24 he bought a small sawmill. By 1971, when he was 34, he had 35 employees, as well as debts.

"It got to where I couldn't work it anymore," he says. "I just got took too many times. I'd give a guy a job because I felt sorry for him, and the next thing I know he's gone off with a saw or something. I guess I'm just a sucker like that."

Which makes Johncock very much unlike his boss, the man who owns his race car, U. E. (Pat) Patrick. Patrick started his professional life taking care of other people's money—he was a CPA—then



Johncock led most of this year's Indy 500, but his race ended in Turn One instead of in victory lane.

got a job selling oil-field supplies and ultimately made millions selling oil-field investment programs. It is a paradox that the Patrick team, one of the most successful in USAC, was without a sponsor at the start of this season (Sunmist sponsored the cars in 1975 and 1976, and STP finally signed on in April). The reason was that Patrick refused to allow a sponsor to participate in the actual operation of the team. He is respected by most racers for this stand.

Says Johncock, "Pat likes racing for his own personal satisfaction. He's not in it for the money, that's for sure. We need more car owners like him."

Patrick began racing 10 years ago and had been an owner for more than five years before he ever won a national race (One of his drivers during that period was Johnny Rutherford.) The 1973 Indy 500 was Johncock's fourth race for Patrick and Patrick's first win. Since then there have been seven more under crew chief George Bignotti.

There is not a crew chief in racing with more successes than Bignotti—73 wins, eight national championships and six Indy victories. He designed the Patrick cars—called Wildcats, as in wildcat oil strike—and made them so reliable that last year Johncock finished all but one race and 11 of 13 in the top three. The engine in those cars is a Bignotti

design, an offshoot of the standard four-cylinder Offenhauser, considerably modified. Johncock's Indy failure, though relatively minor—a broken valve spring—is rare for any Bignotti engine.

Immediately after Johncock won the championship last November, he was asked if it were true that he didn't plan to carry the traditional No. 1 on his car in 1977. "Oh, I don't know," he replied with a shrug. "I don't really care. George wants me to talk Pat into it, but it doesn't mean that much to me." Doesn't mean

continued



Rutherford is one thing Johncock can't stand.

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### JOHN COCK CONTINUED

that much? At that very moment, not far from the press room where Johncock was being interviewed, Rutherford was in his motor home, beside himself with frustration. He had just finished second in the championship standings for the third straight year. Had Rutherford been at that press conference, he probably would have wanted to punch Johncock.

While the racing publicists may have been disappointed at the championship's result, a lot of racing participants were not, for Johncock is much admired for his skill and spirit. He has shown both on many occasions. He once had a long lead at the Pocono 500—where he will be racing this Sunday—when the right front tire exploded on the front straight as he was traveling about 200 mph, the kind of thing that can pole-vault an Indy car over the wall as the wheel dips into the pavement. Johncock not only didn't go over the wall, but he wrestled the car to a stop without even touching it. If racing crews were inclined to applaud, they would have done so.

Another close call occurred at Johncock's most recent USAC race, the Rex Mays 150 at Milwaukee on Sunday, June 12—only Johncock did not get out unscathed this time. He was running second behind Rutherford as he made a move to lap rookie Clark Templeman. Templeman's right front wheel hit Johncock's left rear, spinning Johncock's Wildcat backward into the wall. Johncock's left rear wheel came off, and the flying tire slammed him on the head. He was lifted, semiconscious, out of his car and taken to the hospital, where after a series of tests he was found free of serious head injury, but his neck was painfully twisted. They tried to keep him in the hospital for a week, but on Tuesday Johncock said, "Sorry, Doc. I'm a race driver, and I got to work this weekend." He left the hospital that day. Last Saturday he drove in a match race at Michigan International Speedway against the NASCAR champion, Cule Yarborough in identical Camaros. Johncock lost after colliding with Yarborough on the second of ten laps and then not being able to make up any ground because his car did not handle properly.

If the people along pit row didn't like Johncock so much, if they didn't admire him for his grit, they might be tempted to think he was, well, sort of a loser. And Rutherford sort of a winner. Or is it the other way around?

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It was the Cannes of baseball festivals, a nine-day orgy of ball girls, hidden ball tricks and metal bats. When it was all over last Saturday night, C3PO and R2-D2 walked off with all the individual honors, and Arizona State left Omaha as champion of the College World Series.

C3PO is Second Baseman Bob Horner, Arizona State's sophomore hitting robot who this season led the nation in home runs (22), RBIs (87) and hits (102) while batting .389. During the World Series Horner had back-to-back three-for-four games, hit .444 and was named the tournament's MVP. "Horner's the best hitter in Arizona State history," says Sun Devil Coach Jim Brock, offering no apologies to such Arizona State alumni as Reggie Jackson, Sal Bando, Rick Monday and Bump Wills.

R2-D2 is Handyman-Designated Hitter-Relief Pitcher Jamie Allen, a freshman who seems to be one part Al Hrabosky, one part Tasmanian Devil, one part Darryl Dawkins and two parts John-Boy. Or five parts Fadrych.

Having lost an early-round game to Southern Illinois in the double-elimination tournament, Arizona State faced extinction as it played undefeated South Carolina on Thursday night, but Horner's three hits helped the Sun Devils take a 5-2 lead into the seventh inning. South Carolina loaded the bases with none out, and Brock waved in Allen from the bullpen. In short order Allen picked a South Carolina runner off second base and struck out two batters. He struck out five Gamecocks in the three innings he worked, but it was his flakiness that captivated the crowd.

Allen repeatedly jumped up and down on the mound and finished his wild hop-skip-and-a-jump follow-through halfway to home plate. He bounced around the infield; chased a foul fly along the right-field line to the stands; stared down batters; screamed at two hitters who stepped out of the batter's box; squatted on the mound to protest the plate umpire's calls; and sprinted from the mound to the dugout at the end of each inning, grabbing his warmup jacket from a ball girl, who held it out matador-style. "I naturally get psyched up," Allen said, "but I also realize that my act psychs hitters and

## They had a devil of a time

*Bob Horner's bat and Jamie Allen's arm led Arizona State to the college title*

is something that fans love. Hey, baseball is show business."

Allen, who hails from Yakima, Wash., enrolled at Arizona State last fall after spurning an offer from the Minnesota Twins, who had made him their No. 1 draft choice in 1976. "The Twins offered me good money," Allen says, "but I was determined to go to college." This sen-

son Allen batted .358 while playing five different positions, and he had a 5-2 record, mostly as a reliever. Next season Allen may abandon pitching and play only at third base or shortstop. "There were times this year when I'd be playing third or left field, and I'd have to go warm up for a possible relief appearance," he says. "We'd rush a catcher down the foul line, and in between pitches I'd warm up with him."

Still facing elimination, Arizona State played Southern Illinois Friday night, but 19 hits later the Sun Devils had a 10-0 victory and were headed for the finals against South Carolina. Horner had three more hits against Southern Illinois, prompting losing Coach Ichy Jones to exclaim, "Horner's the best hitter I've ever seen!"

A 6' 1", 190-pound right-handed slugger, Horner was no Allen as a high school player in Glendale, Ariz. "I didn't get drafted until the 15th round," he says, "and even then it was by Oakland, so I wasn't offered any money to sign." Instead, Horner took a scholarship at Arizona State, and last year he hit .339 while playing shortstop. He played second base this season, and next year Brock plans to move him either to first base or third, where his lack of range will not be detrimental.

In the championship game Arizona State started Jerry Vasquez, while South Carolina countered with Jim Lewis, a senior righthander who had struck out 14 batters in the Gamecocks' 6-2 defeat of Cal State-Los Angeles. All season long Lewis had pitched in the shadow of junior righthander Randy Martinez, the college player of the year and the No. 1 pick of the Cubs in the recent major league draft. Martinez finished this season 14-0, including two victories in the World Series.

Lewis, in fact, was not even drafted by the pros. But he checked both Horner and Allen without a hit, and the score was tied 1-1 as the Sun Devils batted in the bottom of the seventh. Then Lewis made his only mistake of the night: he threw an inside fastball to switch-hitting Catcher Chris Bando, and Bando, a Xerox copy of brother Sal, lashed the ball over the right-field fence for a home run. The festival was over.

*continued*



*Horner led all college players in hits, RBIs and homers*

## THE WEEK

(June 12-18)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**AL EAST** While the Mets' rosters mourned the loss of Tom Seaver (page 22), Yankee fans lamented their team's inclination to be more explosive off the field than on. For most of the week, the Yankees (2-4) behaved! Then came Round Forty-Six of the ruckus between Manager Billy (I'd Rather Fight Than Switch) Martin and Rightfielder Reggie (Candy Bar) Jackson during a 10-4 loss in Boston. Preempting this latest misadventure was a bloop checked-swung double by Jim Rice that fell in front of Jackson, who, Martin felt, did not hustle after the ball. So Martin sent Paul Blair out to replace Jackson. As soon as Jackson reached the New York dugout, he and Martin exchanged purple words, angry shouts and bitter accusations. While network TV cameras focused on the incident, the two lunged for each other. Only the intervention of several players and coaches averted the Yankee version of Armageddon.

Teammate Lou Pinella had his own problems. After failing to beat out a grounder to deep short in one game, Pinella, who never has been compared to Mickey Rivers as a speedster, broke a light fixture near the dugout. Pinella was ejected from another game for allegedly throwing his bat in the direction of home-plate Umpire Bill Deegan. He was supposed to begin a three-day suspension the next day, but this season, players can appeal suspensions. Pinella did, and his suspension was delayed pending a hearing. He made the most of his reprieve. With New York trailing Kansas City 2-0 in the fifth, he singled, went to second on Blair's single, then—running like Rivers—galloped to third on a fly ball to left and peaced home after another fly. The Yankees went on to win 4-2 behind the four-hit pitching of Don Gullett. Another lefthander, rookie Ron Gaudy, outdid Gullett, allowing only three hits in a 7-0 win over the Royals. For Gaudy, who on four occasions had been knocked out in the ninth inning, it was his first complete game. He said he overcame his late-inning jitters by "making believe the ninth inning was the seventh."

Life among the Indians (2-4) was also tumultuous. Manager Frank Robinson was fired; Third Baseman Buddy Bell left the club for a day because of "personal reasons"; and infielder Larvell Blanks put on the most versatile clubhouse rampage of the season. Replacing Robinson was bullpen Coach Jeff Torborg, who signed a contract through the 1978 season. Bell returned to the team and had two hits as Dennis Eckersley struggled to a 5-4 win over Detroit. As for Blanks, he limbered up his throwing arm by angrily toss-

ing his gear around the clubhouse for no known reason, and then he demonstrated a strong leg by booting a stool into a pot of brewing coffee. Andre Thornton vented his frustration in a more constructive manner, improving his .162 pregame batting average by singling in one run, slugging a two-run homer and finishing off Detroit 8-5 with a three-run homer in the 12th. Pat Kelly of Baltimore (4-2) settled an 8-5 contest with a three-run homer in the 11th against Milwaukee. Rudy May became a 20-game winner for the Orioles. Exactly one year after being acquired from the Yankees, May (9-5) won his 20th game as an Oriole, blanking the Brewers 6-0. Jim Palmer held off Toronto 4-2 for his 182nd career win, the most ever for an Oriole pitcher.

That setback was part of an all-losing week for the Blue Jays (0-6), who produced a total of only 10 runs. Although the cellar-dwelling Blue Jays kept losing, they also kept drawing large crowds at home. For their first 27 home dates they have attracted 626,111 fans—an average of 23,189—second in the league only to the Red Sox.

In today's parlance, homers are "batters." That being the case, the Red Sox (6-1) started led the world in mashed batters. They started slowly, hitting nary a home run in their first three games. In a Fenway Park rarity, Boston got a pair of complete-game victories while sweeping a doubleheader from Texas, Reggie Cleveland prevailing 3-2 and Luis Tiant tossing a three-hitter while winning 2-0. Next came a 5-4 squeaker over the White Sox as Reliever Bill Campbell registered his fifth triumph when Carlton Fisk singled with the bases full in the bottom of the 10th. From there on the Red Sox resorted to power—16 homers in four games, one short of the Twins' 1963 record. George Scott conked two home runs and Bernie Carbo another as Chicago fell 7-3. Scott and Rice homered in a 7-3 loss to the White Sox. In two games against the Yankees, Boston out-homered New York 11-0, winning 9-4 and 10-4 to supplant the Yankees in first place. There were six homers in Game One, Scott hitting his 16th of the season and Fisk, who batted .423 for the week, unleashing his 12th and 13th. In Game Two, Scott hit his fifth later of the week, and Carbo and Carl Yastrzemski both cleared the fences twice. During the week, Yaz had 11 RBIs, Scott eight, and Rice hit .481. If they keep up their home-run pace (90 in 61 games), the Red Sox will finish with 255; the all-time high is 240 by the '61 Yankees. The redoubtable Campbell rendered the Yankees helpless in those two wins, pitching 6½ innings of ruthless relief and chalking up his second and third saves of the week and 13th and 14th of the season.

Three pitchers who were not in the starting rotation in April hurled impressive victories for Detroit (3-3). Longtime Reliever John Hiller struck out 12 Blue Jays, giving

him 62 whiffs in 60 innings, as the Tigers won 7-2. Fernando Arroyo, who also began the season in the bullpen, followed with a 9-0, five-hit conquest of Toronto. Then it was Mark Fidrych's turn. The Bird, whose left knee was operated on in April, submitted to tumorous surgery by having his curly locks trimmed to moderate length. Said Fidrych: "My hair was too long. I couldn't see over to first." He then made short work of the Blue Jays, using just 81 pitches in a 4-1 victory.

Nifty pitching also bolstered Milwaukee (3-3). Jerry Augustine stopped the Royals 4-0, and Gary Beare, Sam Hinds and Bel Carrino held the Angels to just one hit—a first-inning double by Joe Rudi—in a 4-2 triumph.

BOB 36-25 BAL 35-27 NY 36-28 ME 31-34  
CLEV 26-31 DET 27-33 TOR 23-37

**AL WEST** Triples. There are fewer of them than any other kind of base hit. Although they are overshadowed by home runs, they are, in fact, harder to get, because not only must the ball be hit deep, but the batter must also be fast about Minnesota's (3-3) Rod Carew, five times a batting champion, is specializing this season in slamming triples. He had three more last week and now has 13, almost twice as many as the majors' runner-up, Al Cowens of Kansas City, who has seven. In a 6-1 defeat of New York, Carew tripled and drove in two runs. In the Twins' 3-2 and 7-6 wins over the Angels, Carew scored in each game after hitting a triple. Carew's triple in the 3-2 contest was a routine double that he turned into a triple with his speed. He knew the field was wet and it would take two good throws to get him. "Carew's unparalleled alertness won the game," Manager Gene Mauch said. Carew has led the league in triples only once: in 1973, when he hit 11. Last year he had 12. The major league season record is 16, set by John Owen (Chief) Watson of the Pirates in 1912. Before home runs became popular and fences were moved in, triples were commonplace. As for Carew, he says that what he wants to win more than anything else this season is the Gold Glove for first basemen. "If I win one," he said, "it would mean more to me than another silver bat [for a batting title]."

The Royals (3-3) have urged George Brett the 1976 batting champion with a .333 average, to increase his home-run production. Last season he hit seven. Last week Brett slugged his third of the season, but he had only one other hit and his average plummeted to .277. Reliever Steve Minton hurled 6½ innings of scoreless ball and lengthened his streak of runless innings to 24½. A steal of home by Fred Pinok enabled the Royals to squeak past the division-leading Twins 2-1. But the biggest steal of the week was perpetrated inside the Royals' clubhouse in Milwaukee, where thieves helped themselves to

continued



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# TOYOTA TRUCKS



# A hustler meets an artist

*The \$10,000 Challenge of Champions matched up two opposite U.S. titleholders, the ultimate gamesman Larry Liscioffi against organization man Tom Jennings*

It was still early in the match, but Tom Jennings was 140 balls ahead in Larry Liscioffi's stare at the table. Fourteen balls sat in a tight cluster that was shaped roughly like the continent of Africa. Inside the pack, in about where Angola would be, the 4 ball was pinned against the 11. Played correctly, the 4 would drop straight into the corner pocket. Liscioffi's problem was that to hit the 4 ball he first would have to bank the cue ball off the side rail at the precise angle. It would be a risky shot, made riskier because Liscioffi was tense. So far, little had gone right in his match with Jennings.

Liscioffi cleared his throat. "Why

not?" he muttered. Hunched over the table, a medalion dangling from his neck, he aimed, drew back his cue stick and drilled the cue ball toward the rail.

The action was taking place on the second night of the \$10,000 Challenge of the Champions, which a fortnight ago brought the two reigning U.S. straight-pool champions together for the first time. The two U.S. champions? Indeed Jennings won the 1976 U.S. Open, an annual tournament sponsored by the Billiard Congress of America, but his victory was tarnished. Before the Open, the BCA had announced it was cutting its prize money from \$50,000 to \$25,000. In protest, a group of 32 players, including most of the best shooters, had quit the BCA, formed the Professional Pool Players Association and held a championship at Asbury Park, N.J. Liscioffi won that one, clinching his victory by winning two consecutive games from Steve Mazerak, who until then had been regarded as the prince of pool.

The game that Liscioffi and Jennings played was 1,000-point catch-up, 200 points a block. Simply put, play on the first night would end when the leading scorer had sunk 200 balls. The second night, play would end when the leader had 400, and so on for five nights. In each block, the leader could advance by only 200 points, but the trailer could take the lead by making up his deficit and then sinking 200 balls before his opponent did. This format clearly favored a streak player—one specializing in long runs—over a consistent shooter, and it was designed to prevent a runaway. That way the bettors would stay interested.

And there were plenty of them packed into the back room at Hopkins Billiards in Green Brook, N.J., where about 250 spectators a night sat in a little gallery or lounged atop the half a dozen other pool tables stored there. Those who had come to bet were getting some added entertainment, because Liscioffi vs. Jennings was not merely a match of national-championship pretenders. It was also a struggle between two different visions of what pool should be—the hustlers' game and the clean, well-lit game the BCA would like pool to become.

Jennings, the BCA's man, exudes suburbia. He is 26, single, and lives with his folks and three younger siblings in a colonial house in Edison, N.J. He teaches calculus at nearby Middlesex County

*continued*



*Trailblazing by 140 balls early in the match, Liscioffi (left) with his Rolfs flaysce of a cue stick pondered how to keep a run going while Jennings dreamed of running 100 balls when his turn to shoot came*



MPG/HIGHWAY

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37/26

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A *People*  
TODAY.**



## POOL still roared

College and is working toward a Ph.D. in math from Rutgers. He is bright, thoughtful, articulate and reserved.

In 1966, when Jennings first set foot in a poolroom, he was accompanied by his father, an accountant at J. C. Penney, who shoots skillfully enough to sink an entire rack if all goes well. Two years later, the 17-year-old Jennings was rattling off 100-ball runs, accepting challenges—non-betting only—from the top neighborhood players and, in poolroom parlance, beating them like drums. "I have the capacity to run many balls," he says. "250, 275, 300. Not many players run them like that. At least not consistently." As a preparation for the '76 Open, Jennings invented a game for himself. For six weeks he practiced every night, the seasons ending whenever he made 100 balls in a row. Not once did he have to stay longer than an hour and a half.

A 100-ball run is nowhere near Willie Mosconi's BCA record of 526—an accomplishment so astounding that few players today believe that he did it. Only once in the history of the BCA Open has a player run 150 straight, and that was a dozen years ago.

Among the pros, Jennings is viewed as a conservative shotmaker and cautious tactician, although he does not seem so because he has a very long bridge and a freewheeling stroke. He uses a 64-inch cue stick, the longest made and the most difficult to control. Experts also contend that Jennings lacks the seasoning—the nerve-dulling kind that comes only from gambling—to be a champion of the first rank. When the cash goes down, they say, practice runs, no matter how long, are as useless as buggy whips. Jennings disagrees. "Pool is a form of expression," he says. "I'm content to practice and develop my skills."

Well, maybe not perfectly content. After winning the Open, Jennings set out to market his title. He designed a trick shot he hoped Alka-Seltzer would use in a TV commercial. He places two tablets near two glasses of water on the head rail and then drills a cue ball into the cushion. Plop-plop, fizz-fizz—the tablets jump off the rail and land in the glasses. Jennings also mailed a packet of ideas to Cleveland sports impresario Mark McCormack, visited New York City publicist Joey Goldstein and phoned Michael Trope, the Los Angeles-based football players' agent. All that materialized from these efforts was an endorsement for California

*continued*



**"Don't be afraid to look bad when you first start playing. Remember there's somebody in Hollywood who looked worse."**

**Carl Reiner**



(Carl Reiner has done all there is to do with comedy—written it, produced it, directed it, starred in it. His work with Sid Caesar and Mel Brooks is legend. Carl is currently editing a film he wrote and directed called "Oh My God," with George Burns in the title role.)

**Q.** Would you recommend tennis to everyone?

**A.** Only to people who like sun, running, wearing cute outfits, comfortable shoes and get pleasure in hitting a ball with a stringed instrument.

**Q.** How bad were you when you first started?

**A.** My game was laughable, which got me invited to loads of celebrity tournaments. I'd disguise how bad I was by playing it for laughs. The spectators seemed

to enjoy me, but I didn't. So I resolved to take lessons and try for respect. That was two years ago.

**Q.** Do you get respect now?

**A.** No, I'm still getting laughs but they're not as raucous. I now play well enough to enjoy myself completely. I love the running. I love the competition. I get a thrill out of hitting a good shot. And I feel better than I have in years. I feel younger, stronger, smarter, and better looking.

**Q.** How much recreation were you getting before tennis?

**A.** Very little. I tried jogging but it bored me. Too many people get bored with jogging and give up recreation altogether. I didn't. I switched to tennis. Now I run more than I ever did jogging, and I keep at

it because I love the competition and the strategy. There's very little strategy in jogging.

**Q.** It's a shame you didn't discover tennis sooner. Didn't you play at all as a kid?

**A.** Nobody in The Bronx played tennis. There was only one tennis racket in the whole Bronx and that was warped. For 30 years I thought a tennis ball was something you hit with a broomstick.

**Q.** What do you advise people who won't take up tennis because they're afraid of looking dumb?

**A.** Take lessons with a kindly professional. Group lessons if possible. Second, get out on a court as often as you can. Find a friend or three you can count on to show up. If you can't, call me. I'm always ready!

This is one in a series of messages brought to you by AMF. We make Vot Balls, Head Skis, Tennis Rackets and Sports Wear, Skamper Trailers, Roadmaster Bicycles, AMF Bowling Products, Slickcraft Boats, Sunfish Sailboats, Hatteras Yachts, Crestliner Boats, Ben Hogan Golf Equipment, Harley-Davidson Motorcycles.



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skin gloves that began, "Tom Jennings' hands are worth millions." For payment, the million-dollar hands got \$500.

Even more annoying for Jennings was the rigmarole of trying to make a match with Liscioti, who was regarded by most authorities as the real champ because he had won his title against stronger opposition. Officially, the PPPA said it would not sanction the match on the grounds that Jennings was not a PPPA member. To join, he was asked to pay \$100 in dues plus another \$300, the amount players had aimed up to enter the original PPPA tournament. Jennings considered the \$300 a penalty and refused to pay it. Unofficially, Pete Margo, secretary of the PPPA, admitted he dreaded the match because he thinks Liscioti is unreliable. Last October, Margo entered him in a major PPPA event in Norfolk, Va., but the champ begged off, saying he had just narrowly escaped death in a horrible car wreck. To Margo, that meant Liscioti had a profitable pigeon waiting elsewhere. "Larry's always in a car wreck,"

Margo says. "What's that now? Fourteen this week?"

In April, David Cradock, a wealthy Virgin Islander, invited the PPPA to send its top players, all expenses paid, to St. Thomas for a tournament. Margo decided not to include Liscioti. This gave Jennings an opening to put together the match the PPPA had frowned on. Left out of a tropical vacation by his own association, Liscioti agreed, after a few phone calls, to meet Jennings head on. To Jennings, the making of the match was the first step in a crusade. After Liscioti, he would whip Margo and then take on Mizerak. With the title indisputably his, Jennings would have McCormack, Goldstein and Trope coming to him. He might even appear on the *Tonight* show. He figured that once America realized its pool champion was an upstanding young man, the game's hustler image would be cleaned up forever, and some foresighted advertiser would sponsor a pool tour. "I realize, too," he says, "that maybe they won't."

Liscioti, who has yet to work a day in his life, has no such grandiose ambitions. He does not care about games against the big names, any guy he can win a quick \$50 from is his favorite opponent. He uses a Balabushka, the Roth-Royce of cue sticks, but has such a short, punchy stroke that he looks as though he were driving a truck. Liscioti hates crusades, pool organizations and any place he stays for more than a month. He likes—in order of preference—pool, golf, horses, blackjack, the stock market and barrooms, especially around 5 a.m. He also likes paydays. At first, a promoter wanted to hold the Liscioti-Jennings match in Arlington, Va., but Liscioti refused to play there. He preferred New Jersey, where Jennings is known and was likely to draw backers.

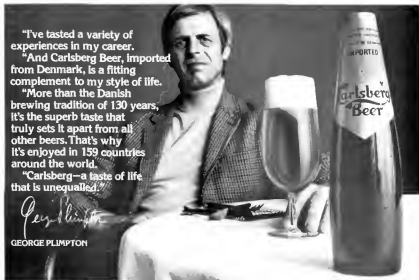
Liscioti, 30, grew up in Manchester, Conn., where he was co-captain of the high school basketball team, a five-handicap golfer and the local pool shark. At 17 he ran out of pigeons and hit the road. He's been gone ever since.

continued

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*George Plimpton*

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So why not make him one?



**PS:** Enjoy your new Buick.

One night when he was 18, Liscioffi was playing eight ball in a bar in Tulsa. As the roughnecks lining the bar ungraciously watched, his winnings grew to \$2,000. Near closing time, Liscioffi spotted his opponent four balls and bet him \$500 and five men at the bar another \$100 apiece. He dumped the game, laid his cue stick and ten \$100 bills on the table and went to the men's room. "Listen to this," he says now. (Liscioffi stories often begin "Listen to this.") "I climbed out a window and ran to the car."

Another time, Liscioffi claims, he played nine ball for \$1,000 a game against a tipsy millionaire at the man's house in Charlotte, N.C. Liscioffi was \$15,000 ahead and was aiming at the 9 ball—and another grand in winnings—when he noticed his opponent was pointing a .38 at him. Liscioffi missed the shot. The man fired and a bullet flew past Liscioffi's head. Five more times Liscioffi advanced to the 9 ball, but each time he saw the .38, flinched, missed the shot and ducked as a bullet zoomed by. By the sev-

enth rack, Liscioffi was fed up. "If he's going to kill me, let him," Liscioffi said to himself, and drilled the 9 ball into a pocket. "I heard a click," he says. "Listen to this. The guy ran out of bullets."

As the cue ball came darting off the rail in the back room in Green Brook, and sped toward the rack, Liscioffi was thinking that his reign as the new prince of pool was about to end. Then the cue ball met the 4 ball at just the right angle, driving it hard into the corner pocket. Liscioffi chalked his stick and ran 29. Clearly, he was loosening up. Jennings, meanwhile, was having trouble sinking cripples. By the end of the block, Liscioffi had made a run of 88 balls and overcome most of the 140-point deficit. He trailed 400-382.

The next night Liscioffi took a 600-523 lead. An 84-ball run and two miscues by Jennings gave him a lead of 103 balls after four blocks. On the afternoon of the final, Liscioffi slept, while Jennings changed the tip on his stick and thought about his play. His longest run

had been 69 balls, and he had no explanation for his indifferent performance. That night, with the score 874-113, Liscioffi stood, addressed the 5 ball and dropped it in the side pocket. Before he sat down again, he had pocketed 125 balls for a total of 999.

If Jennings was ever going to run 300 balls, this was the moment to do it. He strode slowly to the table and cleaned off the rack. The crowd applauded enthusiastically, making Jennings smile for the first time since the match had begun. He ran another rack of balls, and then a third and a fourth. In the fifth rack, with the 7 ball perfectly positioned near a side pocket for a break shot, Jennings undercut the 1 ball. His run had ended at 57. Liscioffi quickly drilled the 7 in the side.

For a long time afterward Jennings sat motionless. "I just don't understand it," he said over and over. "At no point did I play to my potential."

Liscioffi stuck the \$10,000 check in his pocket. Listen to this. He's still the prince.

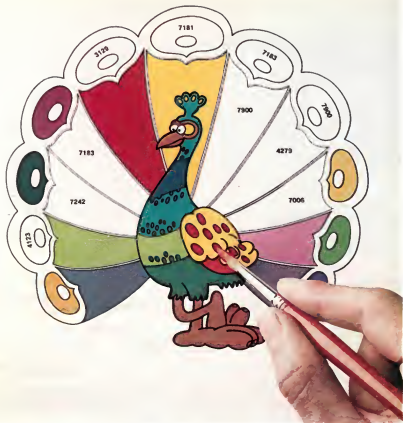
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The owners, coaches and general managers of the National Basketball Association met in California last week to celebrate the end of their longest and most lucrative season. Tennis games and poolside martini brunches took place at the magnificent 90-year-old Hotel del Coronado, across the bay from San Diego. The annual meeting also had a bit of "housekeeping" to do—Commissioner Larry O'Brien culls himself the league's chief housekeeper—and four teams had to have their affairs tidied up. But in the brilliant California sunshine even that problem didn't seem truly urgent.

And for good reason. The nine-year hudding war that had kept most pro clubs, both NBA and ABA, with one foot in the poorhouse was history. Attendance for the 1976-77 season had reached an alltime high, television ratings had soared 15%, and the free-agent movement that had shaken professional baseball and football appeared to be of no concern to the basketball moguls. In short, the NBA could congratulate itself on being one big happy monopoly at last.

But skies were not perfectly clear over San Diego Bay; there was this one small black cloud hovering over the heads of the delegates from the four former ABA teams, that had been so generously accepted by the NBA a year ago. The generous terms were these: pay us \$12.8 million, with an extra \$4 million from the Nets for encroaching on the New York Knicks, and stay out of our TV money for four years.

In the 12 months since peace arrived at last year's meetings at Hyannis, Mass., \$12 million of the debt has been paid. This left "The Four"—as the Denver Nuggets, Indiana Pacers, New York Nets and San Antonio Spurs came to be called by the "Old 18" NBA clubs—still owing \$800,000, hurting in various degrees because of it and prepared to ask for a little relief from their lodge brothers.

They could and did point out that the NBA's finest year was the first that included ABA teams and players, and that five of the final eight playoff teams—including both finalists—were powered by ex-ABA players. And CBS showed clearly where it stood on the importance of at least one ex-ABAer by switching the weight of its TV schedule from the Nets

to the '76ers when Julius Erving moved to Philadelphia. "At least let us have some of the \$10.5 million in TV money you shared showing off our players to the world," said The Four.

"Look," said one longtime NBA owner from poolside, "we were doing fine before there ever was an ABA. We would have had their players sooner or later anyway. Four teams wanted in and we told them what it would cost. Fine. Now we have \$12 million we didn't have before, some good players we didn't have before and, if they can make it, a couple of teams in a couple of markets we didn't have before. We love our 22-team league. But 20 is O.K., too."

Carl Scheer, the Nuggets' president, was similarly practical. "When Hirohito was negotiating with MacArthur, he didn't ask for Manhattan."

In their eagerness to get into the NBA, The Four had allowed themselves to be squeezed from both sides until, says

## 'Help!' cried The Four— and got it

*At the yearly NBA meeting, the Old 18 showed their new kids a little mercy*

Scheer, "the \$12.8 million became almost \$24 million." The Four had also committed themselves to a \$3.3 million payout to John Y. Brown, owner of the disbanded Kentucky Colonels. (No one has come out of the merger with a sweeter deal than Brown, who now owns the

*continued*



Buffalo Braves and is still owed \$2.2 million by The Four.) And there were various lesser obligations amounting to about \$3.9 million. For all of this, The Four are jointly and individually responsible, so that, in the words of Bob Carlson, an associate of Net President Roy Boe, "We're a house of cards. If one card goes, pffft!"

At least one card, Indiana, seemed in danger of toppling immediately. Situated in the heart of basketball country, the Pacers drew 10,500 a game last season, a figure respectable enough to have given them a slim operational profit. But with the enormous debt, the owners simply did not have the kind of megabucks to keep the franchise on its feet. In fact, the Pacers' money train ran out in mid-May, and on June 1, the players did not get paid. Billy Knight joked about the possibility of his becoming a pool hustler but also took pains to notify the league that, according to his contract, he would become a free agent in five days.

The Pacer office staff had already gone three weeks without pay, skipping lunches and relying on sandwich vendors and soft-drink companies for handouts, and on the Racers, a WHA hockey team, for paper cups for the office coffeepot. Enough money was eventually borrowed to pay the players, but the team still has a \$3.4 million loan to pay off, and fresh capital is contingent upon selling 8,000 season tickets by June 30, more than double last year's total.

The Nets' dismal 6,935 announced attendance average was the league's second worst. They have already proved that they cannot draw from the white middle-class commuter bedrooms of Nassau County, even with championship teams (two in the last four years) and superstars (Erving and Rick Barry). Now the club has been wrecked, draft choices traded away for bad players and talent sold for raw cash. Boe is accused of devoting all his energy to the successful Islanders hockey team. "Nonsense," he

said, before splitting early to tend to the signing of some Swedish hockey players back in New York.

The Nuggets and the Spurs are both solid teams, athletically and financially. San Antonio played to 90% capacity in its 10,446-seat arena and its investors are committed to long-term survival. Denver could become the NBA's solidest franchise. The Nuggets led the league in attendance last year with a 17,150 average, 99% of capacity. "We are a going business," is one of Scheer's favorite expressions.

Thus it was at the del Coronado that the Old 18 tended to tennis and tanning and a modicum of O'Brien's "housekeeping," while the delegations from The Four moved about carefully so as not to stumble upon any embarrassing behind-the-backs whispering. "We ought to wear little badges that say 'ABA' so people will know to shut up when we walk by," said the Pacers' public relations director, Sandy Knapp. Indeed, the five-

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person Indiana delegation clung together like children in a dark graveyard. People were either talking about the Pacers or trying to buy them. They had offers from Hollywood, Fla. and Providence, feelers from Pittsburgh and San Diego.

And while everyone waited for the Board of Governors' decision on the question of The Four, the main business of the meetings was the following:

- Year-by-year records of former ABA players, but not coaches, would henceforth be listed in the *NBA Guide*.
- The coaches voted to require blackboards in visiting locker rooms. The Pacers' Bob Leonard suggested a resolution ordering the extermination of "the big white rat that lives in the visitors' locker room at Boston Garden. He's been there as long as Auerbach."
- The coaches recommended that the league experiment with the late great three-point 25-foot basket and the "no foul out" rule, both features of ABA play. Portland's Jack Ramsay dissented

on the three-pointer, saying that if a 25-footer counts for three, an uncontested layup ought to be worth a half-point. This prompted the question of how many points should be awarded for an incredible double-dip whirlybird Dr. J dunk. Ramsay agreed that four points might be merited.

• The NBA competition committee decided to limit squads to 11 men, with a two-man taxi squad signaling the tragic demise of the romantic "12th man." R.I.P. Clarence Glover, Luke Witte, Electric Eddie Mast, Paul Ruffner, Luther Rackley, et al.

• The man from Providence, a 39-year-old ex-rock promoter and self-described professional hustler named Robert (Skip) Chernov, tried to buy first the Nets, then the Pacers. Next he lured bored reporters into a press conference with beluga caviar to announce he had retained William Kunstler to sue the NBA for depriving him of his right to place a team in Providence.

And finally, with the real news of the week, out came O'Brien, smiling and PR-conscious as ever, having once again guided his flock through just the right moves. The Board of Governors, he announced, had "overwhelmingly [Los Angeles was the lone dissenter] approved actions to assure the continuing viability of the San Antonio, Indiana, New York Nets and Denver franchises," by deferring until June 1980 the remaining \$800,000 in entry fees, by backing up additional loans to The Four with the NBA's own security, and by continuing to monitor the teams' financial affairs.

While the Old 18 moguls jetted off from San Diego and San Antonio's people went back to the Alamo and Boe did hockey business in New York and the Pacer PR delegation went to raise some coffee money in Las Vegas, Denver's Scheer stayed behind to work on his tennis and his tan, just as if he were one of the Old 18—make it 19.

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# AN ENIGMA WRAPPED



# IN GLORY

Despite Lasse Viren's unprecedented wins in the 5,000 and 10,000 meters at successive Olympics, the Finnish runner has remained a puzzling, controversial athlete

BY KENNY MOORE



CONTINUED

87

**S**now runs in blurry white trails across the road to Myrskylä. Ravens rise and dip on the wind beneath the sky of silver gray, a sky without a trace of warmth or hope. Snowfields spread to dark horizons of timber. Rust-red barns stand amid the trees, piles of golden-ended logs beside them. Smoke from farmhouses is whipped away and dispersed by the wind. People wearing wool or fur overcoats stand at bus stops along the road, slowly turning white on their windward sides. Once on the buses they shake out like colliers. This is spring. This is Finland.

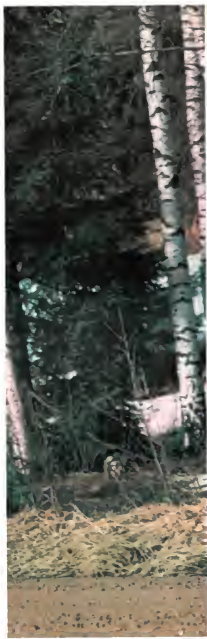
Throughout the Middle Ages, the Finns, who have inhabited this forested land for 2,000 years, were believed potent sorcerers, able to call up fierce storms. Joseph Conrad and Jack London carried that idea into this century, and much of the rest of Europe still shakes its head at these 4.7 million people who speak in mystifying incantations and rush steaming and naked from their saunas into hoarfrost and icy lakes, laughing.

Of contemporary sorcerers, one stands alone: Lasse Viren, now 27, in perfection of that other fine Finnish tradition of running long distances, won the 5,000 and 10,000 meters in the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich. In 1976, in Montreal, he won both races again, a defense never before accomplished. In Moscow in 1980 Lasse Viren will run yet again and may well win twice more. But the circumstances of Viren's career and character—his many poor races in non-Olympic competition, his carefully kept privacy, his mildly sarcastic way with curious reporters—have evoked a storm of accusations. It is said that his medals were won with the help of "blood doping," a misleading term for an experimental technique whereby some of an athlete's blood is withdrawn and the oxygen-carrying hemoglobin extracted and stored. When the athlete's system has regenerated the missing red blood cells in a few weeks, the hemoglobin is returned, giving the recipient a higher concentration than can occur naturally. Since distance running depends on oxygen-carrying capacity, the runner, theoretically, prospers.

Does Viren benefit from this procedure? What sort of man is he, this distant subject of rumor? To find out, one begins on the road to Myrskylä—meaning a place of storms—a town of 2,300 located on a lake 65 miles northeast of Helsinki. You come through a thick pine wood, passing a dairy and a furniture factory, a bar, a couple of wooden churches and a bank. A mile beyond the town, beside Syväjärvi Lake, is a low brick building that at first seems to be a little elementary school or perhaps a fire station. It is Lasse Viren's house. On the door is a small printed message, in red, which translates to "Finish smoking or it will finish you."

The door is opened by Lasse Viren, dressed in T shirt and jeans, looking wan and sleepy on this cold midmorn-





*Viren trains constantly in the peaceful countryside near his home in Finland, but his outstanding performances seem to come in Olympic years*

ing. He accepts a gift of tulips and leads his visitors, once they have removed their shoes, into a sparkling kitchen. He puts the flowers into a scarlet glass vase that clashes with their pastel yellow and carries them into the living room, a large space filled with soft white leather couches. One wall is taken up with cabinets displaying cups and trays and lacquerware and beer steins and crystal goblets and wooden drinking vessels. Viren places the tulips on a table and sags into a lounge chair, his back to large, double-paned windows that give a view of ice-locked lake and wooded ridge. The house stands on land that the surrounding counties made available to Lasse for a very reasonable price after his medals of 1972. It was decorated by Finland's leading furniture and fabric designers. There is a bronze bust of Viren, executed by one of Finland's best sculptors, paid for by a group of business people. It is a fair likeness, and because the statue is informed with athletic energy—it is obviously Viren in competition, clear-eyed and brilliant—it looms in contrast to the boyish, swaybacked figure now slouching beside it.

Viren is just getting back into training after an operation to repair an ankle tendon injury suffered while hunting elk last fall. He wants to correct reports that it happened while carrying a moose back to camp, or that it happened in Lapland where the grateful nation had given him a hunting lodge, or that it didn't happen at all. The accident happened nearby, while he was jogging through the woods. For a medical description, he refers his visitors to his doctor in Helsinki. His voice is high and nasal because he has a little cold. He understands English but prefers, in this formal first meeting, to speak Finnish. The stresses in Finnish are placed at the beginnings of words, so his speech contains, at the end of every phrase, whispers. These seem almost a second language, a language between the lines, soft and faintly conspiratorial.

Perhaps this accentuates the enigma that is Viren. It was a misunderstanding, a language problem, he says, that inflamed the blood-doping aspersions at Montreal. In the interview after winning the 5,000 meters, he had been faced with argumentative questioners and had seemed to gloat in the furor, asking in seeming mock innocence if such a thing as blood-doping really was possible, never flatly denying his use of it. Now he says he thinks the translation was faulty. "I did deny it in Montreal," he says. "I meant to. I don't remember much of that interview. I was tired and the marathon was the next day. But no, I have never blood-doped. I have never experimented with it. They have never done that to me. Why are journalists always talking like that? No one does it." He asserts that if he had, he would say so, because the practice is not forbidden by Olympic rules.

Viren's wife of a year, Päivi, comes home from shop-

continued

ping. She is a tall, strong woman of 20, at the time pregnant with a son who was born May 21. She takes away the bouquet of tulips, returning with them in a clear crystal vase. Lasse seems not to notice. He says that his honest way to winning Olympic races is intelligent planning of peak performance. He wins Olympic races because they are almost the only ones—the European championships excepted—that he cares about. For this, too, Viren has often been criticized.

"I don't care what they write," he says. "I know the expectations of people in this country. Every day they'd like a new world record. But I don't care. I'm running only for the Olympic Games." For Viren, the need to be consistently excellent amounts almost to a flaw in an athlete, an insecurity that must be constantly assuaged by winning. "There are runners and there are runners," he says calmly. "Some do well in other races, some run fast times, but they cannot do well in the ultimate, the Olympics." This is expressed almost with a trace of sadness.

"The value of the Olympics remains," he continues. He does not gesture so much as he fidgets. "If you win, you're lasting. And the Games include all the best runners; they are the true world championships. I'm not the only one who thinks this way. All runners want to run against the very best. The question is not why I run this way, but why so many others cannot. Seventeen men had faster times than I did going into the Montreal 5,000 meters. The question is why they could not do it again in the Olympic Games."

Viren's mystification over the weakness of the world's runners has softly turned to pride. He grins, remembering, looking smug. Päivi, opening a box of chocolates for the guests, smiles at him fondly, as at a goofy child. "The plan was to run a fast last kilometer, to keep the good milers like New Zealand's Rod Dixon and Dick Quax from being able to sprint at the end." He says no more, because obviously it worked perfectly, leading to an incredible stretch run that saw Viren, his stride unchanging, drawing away from the open-mouthed, staggering Kivis.

Now he hooks his arms over the back of his chair, stretching out that spare (134 pounds), linky (5' 11") frame. His head lolls back to gaze idly at his home's beautiful sand-blasted pine ceiling, at his statue with its Caesar's tousled hair and eyes that seem to see more than those they simulate. He planned his finest hour, and had it happen twice. And he planned again and had it happen again. Twice more. He's right. They can't take that away from him. But to speak of peaks is to imply valleys, times of mortality. To have one's finest hour, and to know it, means the rest of

one's life is decline, an observed falling away. Can a man who has achieved such excellence be content simply with memory, even one grandly cast in bronze?

Viren was born in Myrskylä. His son is the fourth generation of his family born there. He attended elementary school for eight years, worked with his father driving and repairing trucks, and spent eight months in the army before becoming a country policeman. He began running as a teenager "because as you can see"—he hunches around and

looks out over the white reaches of the lake—"there is nothing to do in Myrskylä." Nevertheless, that is where he wishes to spend the rest of his life.

Over a lunch of black coffee and *ihapursikka*, a pastry containing chopped meat, egg and rice, Viren says, "In summer this is a wonderful place. The lake is there for swimming. There is a sauna. . . ." He trails off, and is asked if the prospect of being a celebrity in a more urban setting ever tempts him. "The ideal situation in life," he says, uncomfortable in the need to speak abstractly, "is when you are free to do what you want. If I am on my way somewhere and I meet a friend, I want to be able to stop and talk, to have a coffee. You can do that here. In the city it is all schedules."

He speaks of his work as a policeman not as a calling but as a good job for a runner, permitting much time off for travel and training. "The work is varied. We cover four counties and have to do paper work and detective work and take care of traffic accidents." He

has never caught a really big criminal, but then there has never been a murder in Myrskylä. He thinks there may once have been a suicide.

Viren is not politically active, saying he has no time for that, but enjoys tinkering with his orange Peugeot 504 with fake leopard-skin seat covers. In the early years of his success he was famously shy, and marathoner Pekka Tiitonen, his roommate in Munich, once told a story of Viren running down an apple thief in an orchard. Having tackled the man, he was so embarrassed that another policeman had to come up and formally say, "You're under arrest."

Viren smiles in seeming recognition as this is repeated for his corroboration, then says, "I can't remember that."

The city offices of Myrskylä display a pair of shoes—one from Montreal, one from Munich—given by Viren in thanks for the community's support. "I certainly can't complain," he says. But when asked if he considers himself lucky, he takes on the expression of a man sensing he is about to be tricked. "Of course you need good luck, but you also must work hard. I'm no more lucky than any other runner. The main thing is to do hard work and never lose hope." He



Dr. Pentti Kuitto brushes at the mention of blood doping.



switches the talk back to Myrskylä, to the virtues of knowing all his neighbors, of taking strength from natural, peaceful surroundings.

"But you are spending that strength in running," says a visitor. "What will happen when that is over? Will you still be happy here?"

"It's impossible to tell, isn't it?" Viren replies.

Riding back to Helsinki, the visitors talk. Rami Hannonen, a Finnish marketing analyst who has done the interpreting, is agitated, unsatisfied at this first meeting with his nation's foremost celebrity. "He seems to have hit the right balance," he says. "To run in faraway cities and still have the life he grew to love. But to not wish to go beyond that, to not be interested in anything else . . . I couldn't live like that."

Hannonen seems struck, too, by Viren's lassitude. "It doesn't seem to matter what he talks about, he never gets excited. You see no evidence of force of character."

"Well, we know that is there," the other visitor replies. "Might he not be simply a man perfectly suited for running, without great ambition or talent otherwise?"

"Yes," says Hannonen. "But I don't believe that ambition is ever cured by success."

The Virens have been massively exploited by Finland's women's magazines. Almost monthly they smile from the covers of slick, superficial rags, Päivi with the face of a thousand windblown Nordic wives pressed to the shoulder of her rugged, scraggly-bearded husband. Inside, there are more pictures of them jogging or gardening or wrinkling noses at each other. Connect the dots on the pencil page and there is Lasse again. But the text of these pieces is oddly abusive. "A clown who fell down and who got up and became famous," reads one, remarking on Viren's fall early in the Munich 10,000, where he bounded back to his feet and defeated Emiel Puttemans of Belgium in the world record time of 27:38.4.

Viren seems to cooperate in these unfunny jokes, giving the reporters the type of answer they want. Asked his secret, he replies, "The milk of a cow in heat." The result is that, like the rest of the world, few Finns have a clear idea of the nature of the man. A Finnish reporter, Juha Numminen, attempted to profile Viren for a newsmagazine. Afterward he lamented Viren's refusal to discuss politics or philosophies. "It was my worst story," he said.

Fishermen tramp the frozen Helsinki harbor, a white plain stretching away to low islands that in summer curve like whales' backs into the calm Baltic. In August the air from

the forest carries a fragrance like sawdust and cream. Now it is cutting, sterile, rushing across the Arctic space. Finns seem to come to their land on its own terms, rejoicing in its sweep and hardness. "Winter," one hears time and again, "is when everything is so clean."

Only the cluttered language seems out of character with such people. Its 14 cases and absence of prepositions confound the listener. Nothing ever seems to sound the same. But the effect is to bind these people to this land, the only

one where they are understood. The experience of being a Finn is far more precise than that of being an American or Russian. The colors of Finland's flag are well chosen, the blue and white, sky and snow, water and birch, the blue eyes and the luminous Nordic complexion. Both Lasse and Päivi Viren have those eyes, a polished granite blue. These are not eyes you fall into; they are hard places, with a deflecting gloss. They have weight. It sometimes seems it must be hard to hold up a head with such eyes. "Eyes," Evelyn Waugh wrote, "pale blue, blank and mad."

There is madness in the spring, a sloppy, dirty time when more snow melts than falls, but still it falls. Helsinki sees its first crocus in May. This is the suicide season, and Finland's rate is one of the highest in the world. "It's when a few things are beginning to bloom and grow," says Hannonen. "The animals are finding each other, birds arrive, and yet the winter-weary people are so drained, so tired. The contrast is too much for some." Finnish runners, the best

and most promising of them, spend a winter month in the Canary Islands or Kenya or Brazil, but seldom run well at indoor events or spring cross-country races. They peak late in the summer, and if Lasse Viren has been good at it in selected summers it is because his whole life has been lived that way. He is a Finn.

Viren began training in earnest in 1969, when he was 19. For his coach he sought out Rolf Haikkola, also of Myrskylä. Haikkola was influenced by New Zealand's Arthur Lydiard, whom he got to come to Finland to advise runners and coaches. "Lydiard's ideas of how to bring runners to the best shape at the right time seemed ideal for us with our long winter and short racing season," says Haikkola, who is now executive director of the Finnish Amateur Athletic Association. He is a large man with horn-rimmed glasses and fine, receding hair. In 1954 he ran 5,000 meters in 14:14, which was 10th best in the world that year. Now, in a business suit and polka-dot tie, he sits in Helsinki's Hotel Tornå restaurant, where the menu lists snow grouse with cranberry puree and noisettes of reindeer baked in crust. Haikkola speaks in clear, carefully built sentences, and as

continued



Lasse's wife Päivi gave birth to their son last month.

the evening wears on and empty cognac snifters collect before him, he becomes more volatile.

"Lasse's problems before the two Olympics were entirely different," he says. "Six weeks before Munich he ran 5,000 in 13:19, so he was ready. But was he too early? We had a test run in Stockholm and he broke the world record for two miles with 8:14. He was ready. But still the newspapers said the peak won't last. So we employed a test to put Lasse's mind at ease. Most of his speed work is not done on the track but out on forest trails or soft roads and in races. He only went on the track three times all that summer. Each time was the same. He would run 200 meters 20 times and we would time him and take his pulse right after each 200. In June he averaged 30 seconds and 190 beats per minute. In July, before the two-mile record, he averaged 29.3 and 186. In August, before the Olympics, he did 27.2 and 172. So we had real proof that there was nothing to worry about. Tactics were easy in Munich because we knew Dave Bedford of England would lead fast. Everything worked according to plan." Evening, one quickly senses how Viren could place his faith in this rational, assured man.

"Trust doesn't come from personality," Haikkola says. "It comes from being able to show a runner what he can do. Before Montreal we gave Lasse the same test. He averaged 28.2 and 182 beats per minute, not his best. His training had been interrupted by a month-long sinus infection that had to be drained six or seven times. So we did another test, to discover what kind of work was needed. He did 5,000 meters on grass by sprinting 50 meters and easing 50 meters, sprinting and easing, 50 sprints in all. He finished in a time of 13:32 [better than all but a handful of runners can do while running an even pace]. But his pulse was only 186. In perfect racing condition he would go over 200 after such a sustained stress-ease exercise. His body was not reacting to the stress in an efficient manner. It was obvious that he needed additional speed training, but there were only eight days left before the 10,000-meter heats. It was here that Lasse was different from any other runner I've known. He believed me when I said there was still time. Three days later he was quicker; you could see the difference in the action of his ankles. He was reaching his maximum sharpness."

Then there were tactics. "Before every race, just before going to the stadium, we analyze every opponent, his strengths and weaknesses and habits." Haikkola draws out a thick notebook with pages of material on all the best distance runners in the world. "No one seemed to be sure to lead for the first two or three kilometers. So the plan we made was to run the last two kilometers hard. But in the race Carlos Lopes of Portugal ran fast enough to lose everyone but Lasse, and Lasse had only to take the race from Lopes in the last lap. In the 5,000, everything developed exactly as we expected."

It was only after his win in the 5,000 that Viren decided to enter the marathon. Earlier in the year he had run one 25-kilometer race in Helsinki to qualify for the event, but he had kept open the option not to compete at Montreal until after he had run the two long-distance track races. Then he would decide, and he would run only if he thought he could win the marathon. It was not to be, but, remark-

ably, the day after his victory in the 5,000, Viren finished fifth in the 26-mile road race, thus completing 102,000 meters of Olympic competition.

Seeming at pains to minimize his own role in Viren's accomplishments, Haikkola raises a hand and says, "Now I am going to tell you how Lasse Viren won," and begins to tick off the man's gifts. "His style is the most economical in the world. Using a computer, we found he wastes far less energy than anyone else." Indeed, Putnam, the world-record holder at 5,000 meters and a smoothie himself, says running next to Viren is infuriating. "You're running hard and he's floating away as if he's doing nothing."

"I think he is similar to Herb Elliott," says Haikkola, referring to the 1960 Olympic 1,500-meter champion from Australia. "At the end Lasse doesn't change his style. He just puts more energy into it."

There are internal amusements as well. "Lasse's heart is twice as big as that of any other Finnish distance runner. His pulse at rest is 32 beats a minute. He has an enormous capacity for transporting oxygen."

Finally, Haikkola comes to the element of faith, about which he is shy, because he is the keeper of it, but he tells of one incident that illustrates the bond between runner and coach. In 1974 Viren pulled his left hamstring muscle but attempted to continue training for the European championships in Rome. "We were in Lapland, in a training camp. Lasse had to hold ice on his leg three times a day. Once he ran too hard and the next morning he could hardly stand." Haikkola describes an outburst of frustration. "Lasse threw his running shoes right into the lake. I went to him. . . ." And the listener knows that Haikkola's voice is as it was then, icy and penetrating. "We will now stop talking about your leg," I said, "until after Rome." Viren finished third in the 5,000 there, then had to have an operation on the muscle in early 1975. The surgeon said it seemed impossible that he had run on it at all.

Wisp of Haikkola's hair lift from his head and his Finnish becomes impassioned when he considers the blood-doping rumors. "When Lasse was asked about it so much he thought it was an insulting bad joke. Maybe the rumor annoyed him and made him run faster. But in any case, it's absurd. If it worked with Lasse, why wouldn't we have done it with all our steeplechasers and distance runners? All those medals went to English and Portuguese and New Zealanders and Swedes and Belgians, Poles, West and East Germans and Americans. No one here asked how it could be possible for one man to win so much. He was just good. Nurmi, Zatopek, Kuts, they were good. But Lasse, when he wins, it is questioned."

The mention of Nurmi gets Haikkola thinking. "Nurmi was different from Lasse. Lasse is private and shy. But Nurmi was truly, terribly alone."

The father of Finland's running tradition, Nurmi won Olympic gold medals in the 1920, 1924 and 1928 Olympics and later became a wealthy businessman, yet always remained reclusive and parsimonious. Toward the end he was bitter. "When Nurmi had his 75th birthday, our president, Urho Kekkonen, wanted to pay a call and help celebrate," says Haikkola. "Nurmi refused."

Viren has said, "Nurmi offers nothing to the runner of today," but Haikkola represents a connection between the

*continued*

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# THE ROSE'S GIMLET. THINK OF IT AS GIN OR VODKA WITH TASTE.

If you're partial to gin or vodka, do what more and more people are doing these days—drink them with taste. Drink the Rose's Gimlet.

The Rose's Gimlet is made with crisp, refreshing Rose's Lime Juice. Which smooths the taste of gin, brightens the taste of vodka.

To make the Rose's Gimlet, simply stir together one part Rose's Lime Juice and 4 to 5 parts of gin or vodka. Serve ice cold, straight up or on the rocks.

Tonight, have your gin or vodka with taste. Have the Rose's Gimlet.



## ROSE'S. FOR DRINKS WITH TASTE.

### GLASSE VIREN *continued*

two greatest Finnish Olympians. As a young coach he often sought Nurmi's counsel. "He gave advice, but he would never come talk with my young athletes. 'They don't know me,' he would say. His chief lesson was always this: 'If you want to tell something to an athlete, say it quickly and give no alternatives. This is a game of winning and losing. It is senseless to explain and explain.'"

There is something of that in Viren. "Normally he doesn't like to talk about sport or training. He's doing it so much he doesn't need to dwell on it. He's wary and reserved until he gets to know you. You should run with him, take a sauna with him. He'll loosen up. But you will always have a sense of something hidden in Lasse's mind, something you can never see. He is sensitive. He will be an indulgent father. But he is also hard. When he tries something, he tries to the ultimate. When he fell in Munich, his only reaction was to get up. No second thoughts, no fear. Mohammed Gam-moudi, who went down with him, stayed there too long. He lost hope. Lasse Viren doesn't lose hope."

Haikkola, the student of long winter preparations and shining summer peaks, influenced Viren to frame his entire career on his conclusions. "In 1972 he won the first gold for Finland in a running event in 36 years. The receptions and obligations and business opportunities were so great, he only slept three hours a night for months. [As a result, Viren now has a little sports-shoe distributorship that is run by a brother, Erkki, and a modest trucking venture, run by another brother, Nisse. His youngest brother, Heikki, drives a bus.] We talked. He had to make a decision. He could go for the world records that year or the next, but he was burning the candle at both ends. By Montreal he would be shot. I said choose, records or more Olympic medals. He said medals. That made the in-between years easier. Races became part of his training." Viren's injury has made his schedule indefinite this post-Olympic year, although he will run a 10,000-meter road race in Atlanta on the Fourth of July.

Haikkola and Viren have already charted a plan for 1980. The astonishing thing is that it was made before Montreal. "It was important to decide before. We knew it would be easy to say 'Moscow' if he won in Montreal. But what if he didn't? It is better to make a vow in the wilderness."

*continued*

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There is a strike at the electric facility in Myrskylä, but it has a certain civility—the power goes off and comes back on every two hours. Just now it is off, so Lasse Viren's mother sits in the warmest place in her home, the dining room. Watery sunshine streams through lace curtains onto antique oak sideboards and heavy cut crystal. Elvi Viren is a prim, pale woman with iron-gray hair, glasses and a great many large teeth that impart to her face an arresting vigor.

**L**asse was always a peaceful boy," she says in a tone of reverie. "He was terribly shy. It was like milking a cow to get him to say anything. But everything he wanted to do, he wanted to do perfectly." She smiles. "Besides working the farm here, Lasse's father drove trucks. [Johann Ilmarinen Viren, a hard smoker, died of lung cancer in September 1975 at age 60; thus the force of the placard on Lasse's front door.] After Lasse was three he always wanted to travel with him. He would insist that I wake him so he wouldn't miss an early-morning departure. He was quite firm about it. And when he began running races at school, it was the same. There were times when he was working for his father and they would be out unloading trucks until 11 o'clock or midnight, but still Lasse would go out. We said to him, 'It couldn't possibly do any good to run this late.' He would say only, 'I must.'"

"That was when he was 18. He quit mechanical trade school to train more. He left everything else because of running. Yes, we worried. If he wasn't any good he would have given up a lot. But then we thought, well, he must be good if he is training so much, and besides he was a wonderful son. The neighbors always said if something happens to you, we'll take care of the kids, and then they'd all bid for Lasse."

Then came Munich. There were premonitions. "Lasse's father saw him in a dream the night before the 10,000 meters. Lasse came to him and said, 'I am going to win.' Before the 5,000 his father spoke in his sleep. He said, 'Where can we find a plate big enough for both of the gold medals?'" Elvi Viren says she herself gets a feeling whenever Lasse is winning. "It's like a rush of blood to your head," she says. "Like blushing."

Such feelings have been necessary be-

cause although she and the neighbors figure to hire a bus and see Moscow in 1980, she attended neither the Munich nor Montreal Olympics. Thus she was at home on the most glorious day in Myrskylä's history, the day of the 10,000 gold in 1972. "At first I thought this can't be true," she says with a laugh. "A hundred roses came in one box! And then hundreds of boxes!" Two roses remain in the dining room, gilded. "People cried and the reporters came and tramped through the house, and every Christmas, even now, people see the reruns on television and they call and send presents."

Doctor Pekka Peltokallio is a huge, shambling man whose gray-blond hair gives the impression that someone has dumped a bowl of lentil soup over his head, where it quickly froze. He is good-humored and expansive, alarmingly so, for as soon as the visitor is seated, the great doctor lurches at him, rips off his shoe and sock to demonstrate how he repaired Lasse Viren's ankle injury. "The tendon actually slipped over the point of the ankle bone. Here," he says, running a fingernail in among delicate muscles and cords and nerves. "We had to make a little groove in the bone below, here, to ensure it wouldn't pop out again."

Peltokallio gives Viren a thorough examination annually, then sees him once a month briefly. "Socially, we meet more often," Peltokallio says. He and the runner are close friends. The doctor reports his findings to the coach, Haikkola. He says that Viren, like all Finnish distance runners, takes a gram of vitamin E every day and a gram of C three times a day. He takes a multivitamin pill with trace minerals, and bee pollen as well. He does not blood-dope.

"There can be no use in adding red blood cells if one's hemoglobin count is above 15, and Viren's is normally 15.4 to 15.6," says Peltokallio. "That is close to an optimum level. Any less and you carry less oxygen. But any more"—the doctor hunches over his desk and it creaks under the load—"any more and the blood becomes too thick. It can't work as well. There is a disease where the blood gets too thick. People who have it can get congestive heart failure. They can't pump it. So it is crazy for most runners to try blood exchanges."

Peltokallio has not himself experimented with blood doping, but draws his information from Swiss and Swedish

studies. "The reason why people connect Finns with blood doping is that there was a Finnish sportsman some years ago—just about the time of the first experiments in Sweden—who had a hemoglobin level of 11. He tried it and improved dramatically." Peltokallio declines to mention this man's name, but other sources say he probably was Jouko Kuha, who came from obscurity to break the world steeplechase record in 1968. "It is sad that these suspicions take away from Lasse's greatness," says the doctor. "He needs no trick. Why do they single him out?"

The visitor muses that it may be a mixture of jealousy and circumstantial evidence; people cannot understand Viren's seeming inability to win non-Olympic races.

"At the beginning of May last year," says Peltokallio, bristling, "there was the 25-kilometer road race here in Helsinki. Cold weather. Wind. Lasse was not well, with an allergy cold. But he was only four seconds off the world record. Is that a bad race?" He sits quietly for a moment, then growls. "The world has no shame. They can't prove that he did it. So they make me try to disprove it."

He returns to Viren's miraculous physical gifts, relating how because of them he was almost told to quit running. "After his cold he had a really bad race, worse than the worst. He felt awful. I thought he might have pneumonia, so we took a chest X ray. His lungs were O.K., but the X ray showed his heart in sharp outline. We compared it to an X ray taken a couple of months before and there was a huge difference. His heart had grown by about a third. There seemed no way that transformation could take place just by training. He had a grave problem. Four heart specialists came in, and all agreed. Then one, who had spent in his background, said, 'Are we sure both these X rays were taken in the same phase of respiration? If he was holding his breath in on one and out on the other it might make a difference.' Now we thought this was grasping at a straw. But we took new X rays, one in, one out, and sure enough the difference was there. Normal people don't do that. The best runners show a tiny difference, but nothing like Lasse's. It's an absolutely unique phenomenon."

Lasse, as is his custom, endured this unnerving inquiry with patience and trust. "You know, when we first began

working together six years ago, Lasse wasn't really the ideal patient. He was so shy he seemed to brood, walking blocks without saying anything, never taking part in social activities. But he's improved with becoming successful. And now that he's married he's even better. In fact, I think he's nearly perfect."

Lasse Viren walks through slush in his driveway until he reaches the bare road. Then he begins to run. It is a quarter to six in the evening in late April. The sun floats through a roiling cloud, filling the damp air with bursts of misty rose and gold, igniting the greens and browns of the forest. Viren runs a mile on the paved road, then takes a hard left onto a lane of packed granite sand, a luxurious surface for running because the melting snow drains right through it. The moment he treads on this, Viren seems to expand, like his heart when he inhales. He takes off his leather ski gloves. He points out ancient farm buildings. The road rises through the forest, in places covered with packed ice where the sun never reaches. He knows the terrain intimately, knows, for example, that the lake beside his house is 16 meters higher than the one beside the town of Myrskylä. He notes which farms still keep a cow and which have given in to modern ways. He tells which neighbors have an excess of visitors in the summer. He points out snow-clogged trails he runs in the summer.

The two runners come to a fork. "One way will be nine kilometers, the other 14," he says. He lets his visitor choose, saying it makes no difference to him, although at present he is running only half of his usual 150 miles per week. They take the 14-kilometer route. Among the pines rest huge granite boulders left by the Ice-Age glaciers that scraped away most of Finland's topsoil. Some remains. In hollows the road becomes gritty chocolate mud. Viren runs easily with his rather scooped stride at about a 6½-minute-per-mile pace, pleased that his ankle isn't bothered by the uneven ground.

The sun sets and the air grows colder. A wind comes up. Viren puts his gloves back on. In the last few miles the surface water begins to glaze; mushy snow becomes ice, cracking underfoot. Returning to his house, he stretches in the driveway and Päivi comes out to tell him that the electricity is off again. Viren, who has promised his guest a Finnish sauna,

and whose sauna heater is electric, is prepared for this. He leads the way across the road to the home of a neighbor who has a wood-burning sauna. His black and white cat named Tappila (Spot) leaps ahead. "The cat loves to go to sauna," he says.

"The cat does?"

"Yes. She insists. It's hard to get her out."

"She doesn't take a shower afterward, surely?"

"No, but she licks herself for an hour."

The sauna is in a shed on a hillside. Tappila circles and declines to enter. Viren shrugs, strips off his moist running clothes in an anteroom and goes in. He climbs to the top of a tier of benches and says on a checkered linen cloth, his head near the ceiling, where pitch has exuded from the wood in large amber globules. The temperature is 185°F.

**F**or the visitor the sauna is like a run. In the beginning it is pleasant to sit and sweat and talk, but as the heat begins really to penetrate, as Viren tosses a cupful of water on the shimmering red stones and steam fills the room it is like a race. There is the same unease. Thought becomes random, hard to control. The time before relief is permissible seems to stretch out of view. A small window, curtained, with four tiny panes, gives a little light. The dim scene out the window is of icicles on nearby branches, the cat crouched on a snowbank. It cannot be that cold so near. It becomes irresistible to think of how it will be to emerge, faint and heavy, and sink into cool water, the heat draining away, pouring out like a vaporous spirit. Then the routine will be repeated, cultivating the snow and expunging him with simple snow or a dive into the pond. When one comes finally from the recovery room, the Finnish night is found to be a hazy evening, the snow about your ankles no more than goose-down. And so the winter passes. Surely the sauna is a nurturer of hope through these long, cold seasons.

Lasse Viren isn't a staunch sauna man. He does this only about once a week, and now leaves first, washes and goes to thank his neighbor for the favor. Soon he is back in his own candlelit kitchen, sipping black coffee and chewing on sweet, pretzely bread. He is asked ques-

tions that have come to seem important to the visitor. What made him decide to sacrifice everything for running? Was there a real moment of decision? Is there a psychological aspect to peaking? These do not seem unusually vague or analytical, but Viren shrinks from them, squirming. "I just wanted to run," he says. "I had no goal. It is perfectly normal to run at midnight when you are 18 without having a goal. Then I trained for the European Games and then the Olympics. But when did I decide this and that? Why? I can't remember." He speaks in a whisper. "I can't remember."

His discomfort is so clearly evident that it makes his guest ashamed. Running is not verbal for Lasse Viren, not something to be dwelt upon and probed apart. Viren's rationale lies back there on the crusty roads, back among the pines and granite boulders, or out on the Tartan of Olympic stadia with astonished praise raining about him.

Seeing this, one feels a protective urge. Such a man cannot by himself make himself understood. He will either be maligned by all those who see his silences and awkward deflecting jokes as rude screens for secrets or he will be thought dumb. He is neither rude nor dumb. And yet it suddenly seems by far the wisest life that he stay near his roots, that he live, shielded, in Myrskylä.

As the visitor makes ready to leave, Viren brings out an icy little glass of clear fluid. Its bouquet is that of the jar hampers keep thermometers in. "Pontikka," he says shyly, and explains that this is Finnish moonshine, made of rye and potatoes, illegal and widespread. (Viren being a policeman, the following demonstration will be termed instruction, not entertainment.)

The visitor sips. Even as the chill drink touches his tongue he feels trickles of flame beginning on the tender parts of his lips, chapped by the run. In his throat it bursts into a flare. He gasps. Viren rocks back in his chair, juggling with delight. Such appreciation must be rewarded, he says, and rushes to get a little bottle for the visitor to take with him. Lasse and Päivi walk out to the car to say goodbye. The road away from Myrskylä is an inch deep in new snow, as yet unmarked by the passage of any vehicles. Viren warns the driver to be careful. Still he laughs, his arm around his strong wife, smiling through the snowflakes at the discomfort he has caused.

END

# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 13-19

**BOATING** JACK & JILL dropped below 100 on the M-100 47' sailboat, the American's No. 1 sailboat. The 42-foot skipper sailed the 47' to a 100-point finish, including 100, 100, 100, 100, 100.

**BOWLING** TOMMY HEIDEN scored his 100th strike. He was the 100th bowler to reach 100 strikes in a career. He was the 100th bowler to reach 100 strikes in a career. He was the 100th bowler to reach 100 strikes in a career.

**BOXING** VICTOR GUINDEZ scored his 100th win. He was the 100th boxer to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th boxer to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th boxer to reach 100 wins in a career.

**CARTRIDGE** PAUL HENRY scored his 100th win. He was the 100th shooter to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th shooter to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th shooter to reach 100 wins in a career.

**COLLEGE BASEBALL** The 100th game of the season was played between the University of California and the University of Texas. The game was played on June 13, 1970. The game was played on June 13, 1970. The game was played on June 13, 1970.

**GOLF** HILBERT GREEN held off a challenge by Tom Grady in the final round to win the U.S. Open by one stroke. He was the 100th golfer to win the U.S. Open. He was the 100th golfer to win the U.S. Open. He was the 100th golfer to win the U.S. Open.

**HOCKEY** RANKIN scored his 100th goal. He was the 100th player to reach 100 goals in a career. He was the 100th player to reach 100 goals in a career. He was the 100th player to reach 100 goals in a career.

**THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN** won the AIAA championship by 10 strokes over the University of Texas. The game was played on June 13, 1970. The game was played on June 13, 1970. The game was played on June 13, 1970.

**HARNESS RACING** JACK PRINCE scored his 100th win. He was the 100th driver to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th driver to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th driver to reach 100 wins in a career.

**ARMED RANGER** (50-40) fired by Jay O'Brien was the 100th rifle to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th rifle to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th rifle to reach 100 wins in a career.

**HORSE RACING** IRVING DAVENPORT won the \$114,000 Kentucky Derby. He was the 100th horse to win the Kentucky Derby. He was the 100th horse to win the Kentucky Derby. He was the 100th horse to win the Kentucky Derby.

of Belmont for a third time. He was the 100th horse to win the Kentucky Derby. He was the 100th horse to win the Kentucky Derby. He was the 100th horse to win the Kentucky Derby.

**CRICKET** CRICKET was the 100th sport to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th sport to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th sport to reach 100 wins in a career.

**NAIANS** HILL scored his 100th win. He was the 100th boxer to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th boxer to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th boxer to reach 100 wins in a career.

**MOTOR SPORTS** Denny Hulme won the 100th race. He was the 100th driver to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th driver to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th driver to reach 100 wins in a career.

**CHUCK YARBOROUGH** held off a challenge by Tom Grady in the final round to win the U.S. Open by one stroke. He was the 100th golfer to win the U.S. Open. He was the 100th golfer to win the U.S. Open. He was the 100th golfer to win the U.S. Open.

**ROGER** The largest crowd of 100,000 fans gathered in the United States to watch the 100th game of the season. The game was played on June 13, 1970. The game was played on June 13, 1970. The game was played on June 13, 1970.

**TENNIS** PAUL HENRY scored his 100th win. He was the 100th shooter to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th shooter to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th shooter to reach 100 wins in a career.

**TRACK & FIELD** Milt Gertman won the 100th race. He was the 100th driver to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th driver to reach 100 wins in a career. He was the 100th driver to reach 100 wins in a career.

of Belmont for a third time. He was the 100th horse to win the Kentucky Derby. He was the 100th horse to win the Kentucky Derby. He was the 100th horse to win the Kentucky Derby.

**VOLLEYBALL** The 100th game of the season was played between the University of California and the University of Texas. The game was played on June 13, 1970. The game was played on June 13, 1970. The game was played on June 13, 1970.

**MILEPOSTS** THE 100th milepost was reached by the University of California. He was the 100th player to reach 100 miles in a career. He was the 100th player to reach 100 miles in a career. He was the 100th player to reach 100 miles in a career.

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## FACES IN THE CROWD



**CARL WILLIAMS**  
Tennis Pro

At the state Clay AAA meet in Austin, Carl 17 became the top sprinter in Texas high school history by winning the 100 in .92 and the 200 in .70.9 breaking marks held by Gregory Edmonds (9.3) and 1976 Olympian Johnny Jones (12.0).



**JULIE SHEA**  
Tennis Pro

Julie 18, took a 4-3 mile in the state high school girls' championships in Radford, bettering the national mark by high schoolers by .37 seconds. Competing for Cardinal Gibbons High, Julie also won the state title in the 880 with a time of 2:16.6.



**JEFF SPOONER**  
Tennis Pro

A senior attacker on the University of Miami duets, Spooner scored at least one point in every game he played, concluding his career with 275 points (114 goals, 161 assists) to break the school record in 112 points.



**RICK HIP**  
Tennis Pro

A 20-year-old traffic administrator for United Telephone, Hipp won his fifth straight state V-W golf title in Indiana. Pa. & was handicapper Hipp topped a field of 297 shooting 73-73-75-221 and winning by six strokes.



**GORDON JONES**  
Tennis Pro

A 21-year-old senior Jones held Flagler College to the NAIA tennis title defeating Carlos Behar of Presbyterian College 4-6, 7-6 for the singles crown and teaming with Jim Ting for the doubles championship. Jones had a 35-2 singles season.



**KATHY ROSENBERY**  
Tennis Pro

Rosenbery, a freshman at Golden West College, pitched the Buffers to their third straight AIAA community college final, pushing softball open in a 25-4 rematch and a 5-5 ERA. Kathy didn't allow an earned run in 21 tournament innings.



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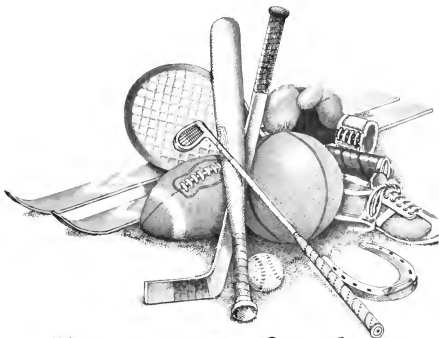
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# Sign up now for those Championship Seasons.

What's coming up on the sports calendar? *Nothing but action.* Everything from the matings and outs of baseball to the birdies and bogeys of tournament golf, from spinnakers of Newport to the first scrimmage of football as the pros suit up to slim down. There's *NASCAR racing* at *Daytona*, there's more wheeling at *Watkins Glen* and *Long Rock*. And how about those tacking duels in the sun this September as the *American Cup* moves into sight? Don't forget the *British Open* just after our Fourth of July, and that cliff-hanger coming up at *Pebble Beach* in August at the *PGA*. Get set for more tennis at *Forest Hills* after a whole summer of court-ing. That's just a hint of the Championship Seasons on all the playing fields of sport coming your way in the colorful writing and photos of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**—the magazine for

*all seasons.* So sign up now for the classic contests of Summer, Fall and beyond, if you wish. Be at the All-Star Game and save a seat for the Series itself in October. Be there for Football USA with SI's two big scouting report issues this September and all the yards of football's great plays from there on until Superbowl XIII. Then preview basketball's new season next Fall with two big SI specials. And sharpen your skates for hockey's new ice. All in the pro's prose and instant replay photography that SI's famous for. Enjoy the best of it each and every week. You'll enjoy sports more; you'll enjoy more sports. Just fill in and mail the **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** order card in this issue. We'll bill you later. Or if someone's beaten you to the card, just call TOLL-FREE 800-621-8200. (In Illinois: 800-972-8302.)

## Sports Illustrated

## TRAIL BLAZER TRIUMPH

Sir: Curry Kirkpatrick's article on the Sier collapse (*All for One Sure Beats One for All*, June 13) was one of the most biased pieces of writing I have ever read in your magazine, and I loved every word of it. The last four games of the NBA championship series made the Blazers my second favorite team (next, of course, to the Rockets).

ALFRED SANDERS  
Houston

Sir: The Trail Blazers showed the world how to play together as a team. Dr. J may be able to rise above one player, but not five. Where are all the Walton critics now? Oh, let us be thankful that the 76ers are now Gratefully Dead!

JOHNNY MARTINEZ  
Beville, Texas

Sir: One would think, after reading Kirkpatrick's article, that the 76ers had simply lost the series, rather than being beaten by a great team. Bill Walton is obviously the most outstanding Blazer, but without Gross, Lucas, Twardzik, Hollins, Neal and the rest of the team, he would have been where Abdul-Jabbar was during the finals: watching the games on TV.

KAREN B. RIEKERI  
Lansing, Mich.

Sir: I, for one, became fed up with the media's obsession with the Philadelphia 76ers' immaturity and dissension while losing to the Trail Blazers. It's as if the Blazers sneaked in amid the 76ers' ridiculous behavior on the court and off. I was amazed to see three-fourths of Kirkpatrick's article detail 76er woes, while the entire Pacific Northwest, especially Portland, was celebrating its first world championship. Why did all the negative 76er trivia have to overshadow the fine teamwork, sportsmanship and camaraderie of Portland and its Blazers? In our Blazermania smugness, we Northwesters know what happened. The Trail Blazers suck it in the 76ers' collective crybaby ear.

JEFFREY R. SHILLEY  
Tacoma, Wash.

Sir: I would have liked more in-depth analysis of the Blazers' strategy and what makes them tick. How did a new coach like Jack Ramsay put together a winning team in such a short time? How did he get his team up for the third game after losing the first two? Most important, how did he and his team manage to

win without the high-priced superstars who dominated the game?

CONRAD G. PRANGE  
Omaha

Sir:

The emphasis on dissent among the 76ers being cause for defeat is irrelevant. They were doing all right in the playoffs until Portland started blowing them out of the gym as they had done to others.

MIKE O'BRIEN  
Portland, Ore.

Sir:

Boo on the believers in the SI jinx. You had Walton on the cover of your Dec. 13 issue and again on May 23. Now here he is yet again, this time for bringing the NBA championship to Portland. So for you jinx fans, take it and dunk it!

STEVE SHEENFIELD  
Framingham, Mass.

Sir:

I think it was a mistake to pick Walton as the MVP of the championship series. What more can one person do than Julius Erving did while being double- and triple-teamed?

MIKE OWARI  
Manitowoc, Wis.

## SLOW PITCH

Sir:

American Professional Slow-Pitch League President Bill Byrne (*It's Easy Come, Easy Go*, June 13) is doing the same thing that helped ruin the WFL—pulling name ballplayers (Cash, Northrup, Swoboda, Versailles, etc.) out of retirement, rather than building a club with homegrown players.

My suggestion, Mr. Byrne, is let your league build gradually, sign more local talent, such as Jim Galloway and Tom Miller, stay away from ex-major league talent—and for 30,000 big ones, tell Swoboda to bring his own beer!

WAYNE CALLAHAN  
Louisville, N.Y.

## LIVELY BALL

Sir:

A couple of points about Larry Keith's fine article on this year's baseball (*They're Knocking the Stuff Out of It*, June 13). Through the first 616 games there were 1,033 homers for an average of 1.68 per game, or .84 per team. Based on a full season, this comes out to 136 per team and not 117 as Keith assumes.

This year's home-run pace can only compare with the 1970 pace (1.76 per game) in recent years, although from 1955 to 1966 the pace every year was 1.66 (1965) or higher. The most productive years were 1958 and 1959 (1.82), 1962 (1.85), 1956 (1.86) and 1961

(1.91). Even after the strike zone was enlarged following the 1962 season, there were still some highly productive years such as 1964 and 1966, in both of which there were 1.70 homers per game.

No doubt the ball is livelier and there may be a record total of homers hit this season, but the ratio of homers hit per game has been surpassed many times since 1955.

RONALD E. COOLIDGE  
Quincy, Mass.

Sir:

You should have let Mark Fidrych interview a dozen randomly selected baseballs. I'm sure that would have answered everyone's questions.

ROSS EHRICH  
Sarnego

## VIVA EL BEISBOL

Sir:

Bring a Cuban. I was very pleased to see Ron Fimrite's article in Cuba, *It's Viva El Grand Old Game* in your June 6 issue. It is truly a shame that players from the country that over the years has produced the likes of Tony Taylor, Cookie Rojas, Carmelo Pascual and Tony Oliva have not been permitted to come to the U.S. since 1961. Many a player, such as Antonio Caprio, Felipe Sarday and Felix Ibañi, has had his considerable talents wasted playing in leagues where he could never reach his full potential.

RAFAEL M. GAYLÁN  
Guttenberg, N.J.

## SLEW

Sir:

No need to wait until December to select the 1977 "Sportsman of the Year." Just give the award right now to Seattle Slew.

WILLIAM E. CARLEY  
Chicago

## THE KAISER

Sir:

Clive Gammon's point concerning Franz Beckenbauer's joining the Cosmos (*Recovery from Kulturshock*, June 13) is well taken. Once he masters the Cosmos system, his presence will prevail. His third match, in fact, ended in a masterful 6-0 blitzkrieg.

However, it should be clear that for soccer to achieve national recognition in the U.S., more concentration must be put on developing native-born players through the colleges and high schools. Certainly, Pele, Beckenbauer and the other foreign stars have improved the level of the game in the NASL. Nevertheless, their presence will only really be on a short-term basis.

DANIEL G. FROST  
Athens, Mass.

continued

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18TH HOLE *continued*

## A SHOW FOR NO DOUGH

Sir: Thank you so much for the article on our beloved Dan Magill (Georgia's *on His Mind*, May 30). If ever there was a Southern gentleman, he is truly one. Every tennis fan at the University of Georgia feels he is a personal friend.

The NCAA tennis tournament was a real spectacle and I'm happy I was able to attend. Please give more coverage to the fine young tennis players in college. I'm so tired of Jimmy Connors and those million-dollar crybabies. Don't ruin your great magazine by overfeeding us on "show for dough" tennis.

RANDY LOOPER  
Atlanta

## NEXUS

Sir: Your June 6 articles on the NBA championship series (*There's No Place Like Home Court*) and the NCAA lacrosse championship (*Cornell's Wild Irish Rose*) rekindled memories of my past association with the two prominent figures in those articles. It is the 1966 Christmas basketball tournament final between my high school, Elmont, on Long Island, and Roosevelt High. The nexus? I am sent in by my coach, Richie Moran, to guard a 6' 1" junior named Julius Erving. Now Julius has his "doctorate." Richie has his third NCAA championship and I have my law degree along with some fond memories. Thank you for bringing us all together again.

STEVEN BLANK  
Louisville

## DREAM COURSE

Sir: As a clergyman, I am frequently compelled to point out the glories of heaven to my golfing pals, especially when their vocabulary takes a decided turn for the worse. Your tantalizing golf article on Jack Nicklaus' Munfield course (*Accepting with Pleasure His Kind Invitation*, May 30) will now provide me with even richer material to prove my point, for obviously the good Lord will physically lift a massive portion of that fantastic Ohio real estate for His "great golf course in the sky."

As a longtime veteran of public courses, with their dusty tees, rock-hard fairways, bone-dry creeks, boulder-infested traps and disease-plagued greens, I am almost willing, like Dr. Faustus, to sell my soul to play on a course so beautifully challenging. Finances will hinder me, but your superb article and pictures will allow me to dream about it. Thanks for that dandy fantasy.

HERBERT G. WALTHER  
Danville, Ill.

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